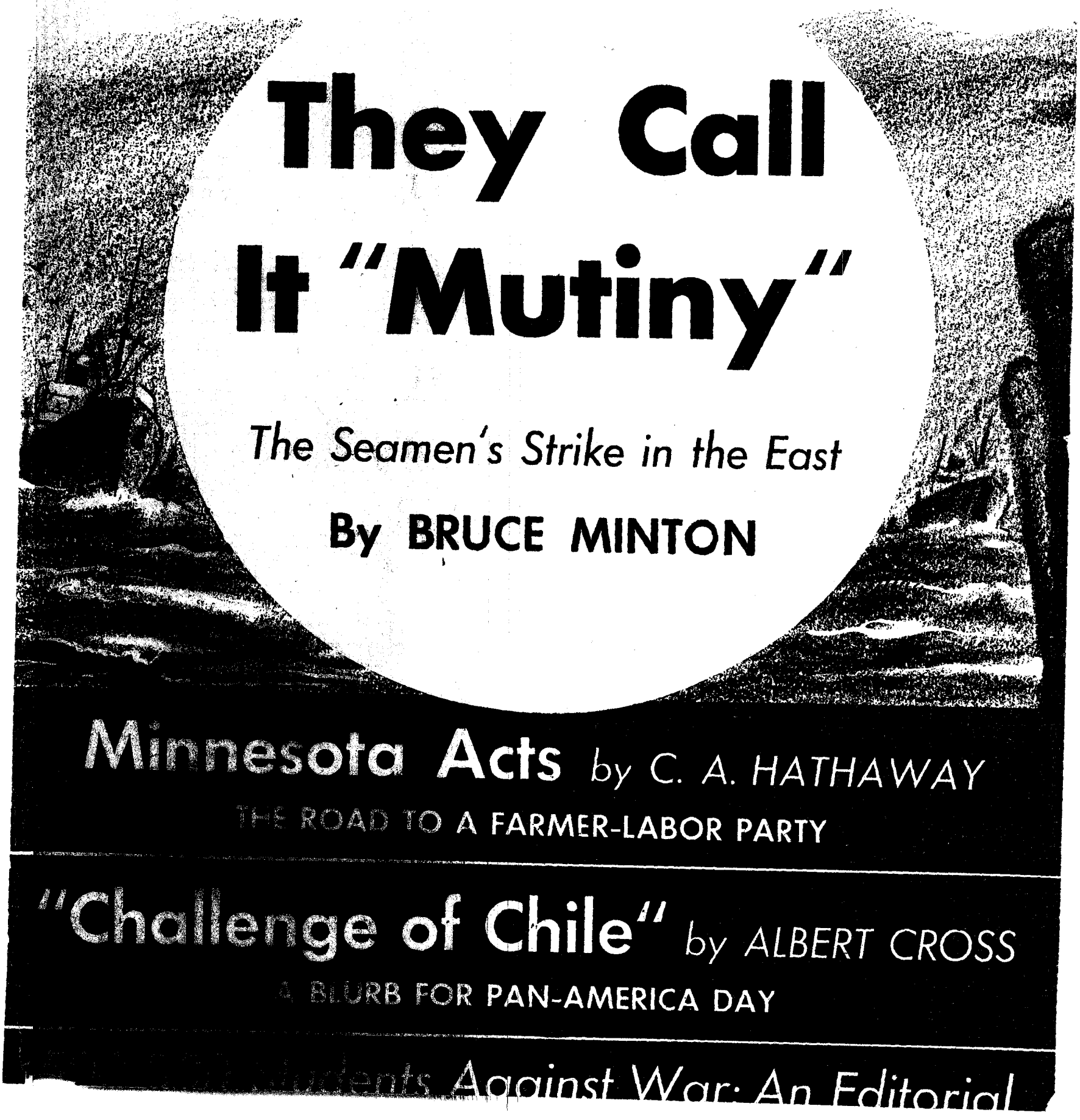
Boyd — By ROBERT FORSYTHE

APRIL 21, 1936 15c

New Masses



They Call It "Mutiny"

The Seamen's Strike in the East

By BRUCE MINTON

Minnesota Acts *by C. A. HATHAWAY*

THE ROAD TO A FARMER-LABOR PARTY

"Challenge of Chile" *by ALBERT CROSS*

A BLURB FOR PAN-AMERICA DAY

Students Against War: An Editorial

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New Masses

April 21, 1936

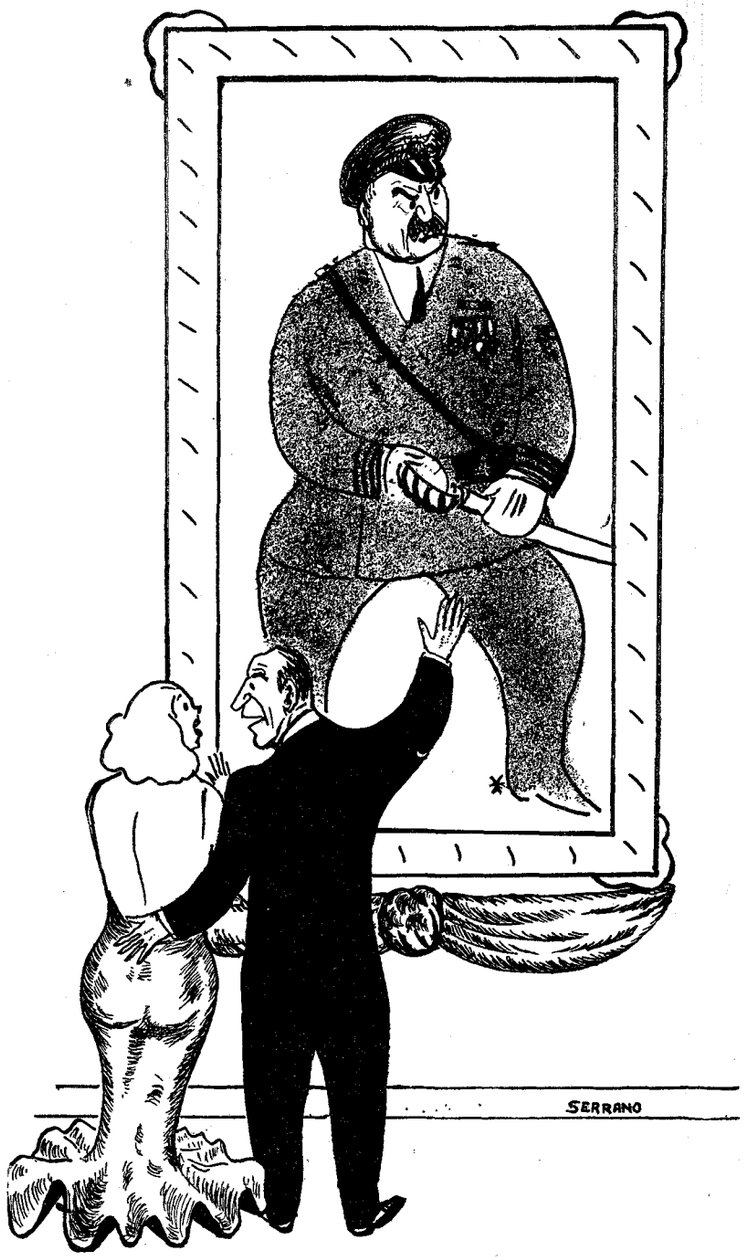
Krumbein's Return

CHARLES KRUMBEIN, former organizer of the Communist Party, was released last week from the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa., after serving fourteen months on a charge of violating passport regulations. There is every indication that this charge was a technicality used by the reactionaries to punish Krumbein for his devotion to labor's cause. The authorities waited nearly three years. They proceeded against Krumbein only after the great May Day demonstration of 1934, in which he was an outstanding figure. Federal Judge Goddard, who handed Krumbein an 18 months' prison term, usually gives only thirty days for similar passport violations. An even more striking contrast is the case of a shady character named Walker who published a series of anti-Soviet articles in the Hearst press. Despite his record, Walker was given a suspended sentence for breaking the passport rules. Krumbein's real "crime" was his militant labor activity. It is this which won him the hatred of the governing class, and the love of workers and progressives, as evidenced by the mass meeting in New York last Friday which enthusiastically welcomed his return.

Impending Storm

A WRITER in The Magazine of Wall Street of April 11 sounds the alarm for American businessmen about "Germany's economic decline." There are signs indicating a breakdown of fascist rule in Germany; and the Nazis intend to meet this "impending storm" by diverting the attention of an uneasy people toward a foreign war. The storm must break somewhere, The Magazine of Wall Street says, and "the thunderstorm is not on the Western but on the Eastern horizon." The attack is to be against the Soviet Union. The magazine's European correspondent, George Berkalew, indicates a belief that the Nazis may attack by the end of this year.

In the Far East, Japanese aggression against the Soviet Union continues in spite of Japanese reverses on the borders of Outer Mongolia and Siberia.



"THAT'S FATHER—THE ARMISTICE KILLED HIM." *Serrano*

As we go to press, Shanghai reports Japanese-Manchurian clashes with Soviet border-guards on Soviet territory near Vladivostok. Already Japan has completed annexation of the Northern and Eastern sections of China's Hopei province by joining the East Hopei "autonomous" administration with Manchukuo, thereby extending the base for the "great war" against the Soviet Union. In Japan, as in Germany, a despotism of landlords, bankers and industrialists, seeks to solve internal economic catastrophe by territorial expansion at the cost of the first socialist republic.

The threatened conflict is of such magnitude that the United States cannot play ostrich even if it wanted to. Neutrality becomes an empty phrase when American business interests are directly involved in the Far East. At the same time, the American people have no desire whatever to be led into a war by those business interests.

This is perhaps why the bourgeois press has so carefully ignored the article by General William S. Graves, recently published in The Sunday Worker. General Graves, who commanded the United States troops sent to Siberia in 1918 to aid the White Guard counter-revolution, knows the Far East and the ways of Japanese imperialism. He accuses Japan of aggressive acts against the Soviet Union, and points out that the Soviet Union is the leading force for peace. From this he concludes that

> as Americans, we must recognize these facts and know that our place is beside these peaceful people who are creating

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fuller lives for themselves; and not beside those who would lead humanity into another world war. . . . In the gathering conflict, our place is on the side that seeks peace, the side that truly represents the will of its own people to live peacefully and prosperously.

In placing himself on the side of the Soviet Union against Japanese aggression, General Graves voices a growing sentiment in this country. This sentiment is that the United States is so great a power that mere passivity toward those who are guilty of aggression against the peace of the world actively aids that aggression. America can keep out of war only by keeping war out of the world. This can be done if the American people actively cooperates with the peace-loving peoples of other countries in effective joint measures against marauders.

Hounding Labor

ARRESTS and convictions in labor cases are nothing new, of course, but sometimes even the accustomed shocks. A case in point is the committing ten days ago by Judge Morris Koenig of 23-year-old Murray Melvin to an indeterminate sentence to the penitentiary. Melvin, arrested in the course of strike activity on the charge of assaulting a strikebreaker, may languish on Rikers Island for three whole years. He is technically eligible for parole immediately, there being no statutory minimum. His immediate fate is up to the city parole commission.

It's all cut to the familiar pattern, of course. Employers, not anxious to face labor issues squarely, find charges of assault and whatnot the most convenient weapon against incorruptible labor leaders. Melvin and the union which he led are clearly victims of such an attack. That this is realized by union leaders in the printing crafts is a matter for rejoicing. A defense committee, composed of Typographical Union leaders, officers of the Newspaper Guild and other unionists has been set up and plans are being laid for a double offensive, an appeal to the higher courts and pressure on the Parole Board for Melvin's immediate release.

"Give Bankers Home Relief"

CONCLUDING their Washington convention last week with a militant mass demonstration on the Capitol grounds, delegates of four national and a number of regional unemployed organizations returned to their homes as members of a united organization for all unemployed workers and farmers, the Workers Alliance of America. They carried back to every state of the Union a call for united action of all unemployed in the fight for social security. The Workers Alliance opened its own convention on Monday. Delegates of the National Unemployment Councils reached Washington the following day. On Wednesday the Workers Alliance voted for a merger with the Unemployment Council, the National Unemployed Leagues and other groups. Old-guard exclusionist elements were snowed under by an impressive majority of 129,958 to 21,413.

The crisis facing the unemployed was clear. Close on the heels of the withdrawal of Federal funds from direct relief, the announcement that 700,000 were to be dropped from the W.P.A. had aroused a wave of protest extending from Maine to California.

"Give the Bankers Home Relief; We Want Jobs!" was the slogan raised on the march from the convention hall to the White House. A delegation of five leaders called on the President, presenting the demand of the convention that the recommended appropriation of $1,500,000,000 be increased to six billion, the minimum required adequately to care for the twenty million Americans dependent on relief and work relief, according to the plan outlined in the Marcantonio Federal Relief and Works Project Standards Bill.

On their return journey from the White House to the Capitol the marchers were greeted by a fleet of busses bringing a delegation of white-collar W.P.A. workers from New York City. Representing 8,000 members of the City Projects Council, these delegates came to throw their strength behind the demands of the unemployed and to demand the removal of Victor Ridder.

Jim-Crow Washington

IN Washington, capital city of Roosevelt's Democracy, two Negro workers from the middle west, delegates to the Workers Alliance Convention, lay in a cell in the city jail over the week-end, suffering from the after effects of a cruel beating at the hands of Washington police. The two Negroes were resting Saturday in preparation for the long trip home when their lodgings were invaded by officers of the Metropolitan police who, though they bore no warrants, pulled the Negroes out of their beds and took them to the police station, where they were charged with "vagrancy." While beating them, the police thugs announced that this was the way "dirty, black Communists" were dealt with in the national capital. Since they were not permitted to communicate with their friends, their plight was discovered by chance when a white-collar worker representing the City Projects Council was thrown into the same bull pen. The white worker had been arrested for standing on the sidewalk of a government office building, which he had been about to enter as one of a delegation to see Harry Hopkins, relief administrator. The white worker was held incommunicado for six hours after which he was released, and was then able to bring representatives of the I.L.D. to the aid of his Negro comrades.

The contradiction between the recent avowals of Jeffersonian principles by leading contenders for the laurels of November and the actual conduct of the Washington police shows the utter impossibility of enforcing true democracy under an administration pledged to the interests of the owning class.

"Non-Partisan" Labor League

JOHN L. LEWIS, president of the U.M.W.A., has not only endorsed Roosevelt's reelection but is now attempting to saddle the labor movement with a political machine that goes by the name of "Non-Partisan Labor League." The purpose of this new organization is to throw labor's vote behind Roosevelt.

Lewis' endorsement of the New Deal is openly opposed to the interests of workers and their allies. The N.R.A. helped labor only when labor struck and forced employers to grant better wages and working conditions. The N.R.A., in other words, reinforced monopoly capitalism when it needed aid most; in no way did it forward labor's interests. Lewis demagogically endorses Roosevelt whom he asks workers to return to the presidency—after the attacks made by the National Guard and federal authorities on unions in San Francisco, Toledo, Terre Haute and countless other cities; after the attack on union wage scales through the W.P.A.; after cutting relief; in the face of the present attack on militant labor through the proposed Copeland Bills, which Copeland intimates are endorsed by the administration and which Roosevelt has not denied.

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In the face of these facts which have become powerfully real to working people all over the country, John L. Lewis' support of Roosevelt should prove highly unimpressive to those who look to Lewis for political guidance in the coming campaign. But his efforts in setting up the Non-Partisan Labor League bring far more serious consequences for the moment. Such a league actually channelizes working-class and middle-class support away from the fruitful task of building a Farmer-Labor Party.

John L. Lewis has shown little faith in this movement ever since the recent convention of the United Mine Workers whose support he might easily have enlisted for a Farmer-Labor Party. But the Farmer-Labor movement will go forward to build the base for a People's Front for America regardless of apathy and opposition of any political guides who urge the working people to put their trust in either of the parties of Big Business.

Calles' "Kampf"

PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES is now back at his Los Angeles estate, continuing his interrupted reading of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. He has earned the opprobrium of his people for whom he personifies the betrayal of their revolution for a free national existence and against feudalism. For solace, he has only the traditional enemies of Mexico to turn to, especially his imperialist neighbor in San Simeon.

The banishment of the leading Callistas climaxed several months of their subversive plotting and terrorist activity, which included a bombing of the residence of Lombardo Toledano, prominent trade-union leader, as well as attempts to dynamite trains.

The Callista campaign to undermine the Cardenas government derives from a new stage in Mexican politics—one which finds the Mexican revolution once more on the advance. It is being carried forward by the mounting and irrepressible force of Mexico's sixteen million people—the rural toilers striving for land, the workers struggling to free themselves from the near-coolie labor standards imposed by foreign companies, the middle classes seeking security and well-being, the native manufacturing enterprises resisting the onslaught of foreign capital.

Calles' policy, integrated by the late Ambassador Morrow, meant continued forfeit of the country's riches to United States capital. Cardenas, responding to the popular will, has begun to take measures against this. Oil companies, U. S. and British, have been obliged to respect trade-union demands. Oil concessions have been restricted and in some cases even annulled. Cardenas raised the tax on silver, a tax paid almost entirely by U. S. producers.

Almost a decade has passed since the Mexican peasant, *Mauser* in hand, wrote into the constitution of the Republic, a radical plan of Agrarian Reform. And today some three-quarters of those who work the land still possess none. Calles blocked the carrying through of land distribution, the keystone to Mexico's social development. But the Cardenas government has undeniably speeded the execution of the Agrarian Reform, having delivered more land to peasant communities than any of its predecessors. Cardenas has defended the workers' right to strike where Calles attempted to abolish it.

The revolutionary working class is supporting Cardenas with great enthusiasm. But it is by no means oblivious to the presence of non-progressive high functionaries in the Cardenas government nor to the vacillations of Cardenas himself. The Communist Party of Mexico charged him not long ago with undue tolerance toward the activities of the Callistas and the fascist "goldshirts." The recent Congress of the Mexican People's Anti-Imperialist Front and the formation of the united Mexican Workers' Confederation have strengthened Cardenas immeasurably and without doubt accentuated his trend to the Left, symbolized by his carrying out of the popular slogan "Fuera Calles"—out with Calles!

Sacramento Frame-up

AFTER a year in San Quentin prison, five of the workers convicted in Sacramento of conspiracy to commit criminal syndicalism have been sentenced by the parole board. Though all five were found guilty on the same evidence, the three who had been most closely identified with the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union were handed harsher terms than the other two. Pat Chambers, Jack Crane and Martin Wilson were sentenced to five years each. Albert Hougardy was given three and one-half years, Norman Mini, three years with permission to serve the last sixteen months on parole.

The women unionists, Lorene Norman, Caroline Decker and Nora Conklin, tried at the same time, will be sentenced this week. These eight victims of organized legal terror in California are in grave danger of being buried in the penitentiary unless workers, liberals, middle-class groups and all interested in civil liberties protest to Governor Merriam and demand the immediate release of militant workers.

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Students Against War

A PRINCETON Junior recently proposed the organization of "Veterans of Future Wars." Reputedly a conservative Democrat angered by passage of the bonus, this student viewed the move as a sharp piece of anti-bonus satire. So did the anti-bonus press. So did the American Veterans Association, extreme right wing of the organized war veterans, ally of the Liberty League ensemble. Overnight the movement spread, carrying with it a deluge of publicity, ballyhoo — "the biggest stunt since the World War."

When the furore subsided, a significant fact emerged. What had been launched as an ironic anti-bonus project was now assuming an entirely new aspect. The "Veterans of Future Wars" had been seized upon in every state as an imaginative, colorful technique for debunking war. Scores of local "ports" were formed on that basis. Auxiliaries — "Propagandists of Future Wars," etc.—came into existence. All of them dramatized the profound concern of American students over the approach of war. None of them betrayed any deep-seated yearning to satirize the bonus.

This is of more than casual importance in an hour when more than half a million students are preparing to strike against war. If a strike had been suggested on an American campus a decade ago, its originators would have been ridiculed into silence. The difference between the two periods, of course, is the difference between a world cynically recovering from disaster and a world stubbornly refusing to repeat the folly.

In January, 1934, a student anti-war strike was first proposed. That year 25,000 students answered the call. It was a daring, unprecedented move, the response to which exceeded the anticipation of the sponsors. One year later 175,000 students in almost every section of the country struck against war. They endured police terror, administration reprisals, a dark interval of espionage and intimidation. Word of their action was echoed in every part of the world. These strikes were pioneering. In an educational system attuned to ivory-towerism and aloofness, they introduced a new set of techniques and symbols. The panic of the Hearst press and college administrators attested to the perception and clarity of the movement.

It is now clear that over 500,000 students will answer the strike summons at 11 A. M. on Wed., April 22. Reports already received indicate that the scope of the walkout will be literally nation-wide, that there will be notable demonstrations in the South — heretofore the weakest area—and that scores of educators and even college presidents will participate. In the face of threatened violence and reprisals, the movement is gaining a firm foothold in the high schools where thousands of students will strike or carry on some form of peace action at the designated hour. All these are historic rumblings in a land whose educational system has been so firmly enclosed in flag-waving and hysteria. They are rendered even more significant by the growth of public support for the student strike against war, the establishment of parents and teachers committees, the cooperation of the organized labor movement in many districts.

The student anti-war movement has passed the stage of agitation. This strike may be of decisive importance in the fight for enactment of the Nye-Kvale bill to drive compulsory military drill from the campus. It may have an enduring effect in those quarters where the war budget is being skyrocketed to new heights. Students have borrowed the strike from the arsenal of labor struggle.

This great struggle, its meaning and its promise are fraught with social understanding and vision. Twenty years ago a handful of courageous spirits stood out against a war. Should war come tomorrow, American students will have far greater resources, a deeper concept of strategy. The student strike, involving students of all political and religious beliefs, is a dramatic forerunner of the kind of anti-war action which could be furnished, on a nation-wide scale, by a Farmer-Labor Party. Its historic mission may be to point such unity to people everywhere who see the omens of disaster, and want to prevent that disaster.

The Tax Hearings

THE Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives is whipping the new tax bill into final shape. Several weeks of hearings saw no real opposition from big business on a large scale. There were the usual protests that the administration was trying to "soak the rich," but the most important capitalist figures did little more than register an objection in principle to all taxation on business and big wealth. The reason for this apathetic stand was given indirectly by The Journal of Commerce:

> Loopholes and concessions in the proposed new corporation tax law will make impossible collection of the full amount of revenue expected during the first year's operation of the law.

Many big corporations have been advised by their lawyers that they will benefit from the Roosevelt tax scheme. It is the little business man and the consumer, the ultimate victim of this taxation, who will be hard hit. The "loopholes and concessions" will, as the committee has already admitted, make for a "lag" in collections which cannot be corrected. Neither the administration nor the committee has made any serious effort to plug the leaks and the Morgans and du Ponts will continue to rob the government.

Roosevelt has himself said that "our revenue laws have operated in many ways to the unfair advantage of the few." Despite his many cheerful words on the subject, the tax burden of the consumer—the workers, farmers and middle-class people — has been doubled under his administration, while that of the wealthy has been halved.

A revised tax system which would force big business and big wealth to pay for the social needs of the American people would certainly include the principle of taxing undivided corporate income. To the extent that the administration tried to put through such a law it would have had the support of all progressive-minded people. But the proposals of Roosevelt and the Ways and Means Committee will not reverse the present trend of shouldering more of the tax load on the backs of those who are least able to endure it.

This came out in the testimony of Dr. Herman Oliphant, general counsel of the Treasury Department, before the

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Committee. He said that the government could have increased taxes in three ways: by increasing the present corporate tax to 25 percent: by increasing the excess profits tax; and by the proposed levy on undivided corporate profits. There is no reason why the government could not have proposed this program if it really wished to benefit the poor.

Roosevelt's primary purpose in proposing the new taxes was to furnish himself with ammunition for the election campaign. He appears in the role of the enemy of the trusts, but at the same time the monopolies are hard put to make their opposition seem realistic.

What a people's government would do was indicated by the testimony of a representative of the Communist Party, who proposed that Congress tighten up all the loopholes in the tax structure so that, for instance, Barbara Hutton could not escape paying any taxes at all on an income of $1,750,000 in 1933. They insisted that unless all corporation books were put under public control and supervision, there would be no way to keep the corporation and wealthy classes from evading the major part of their taxes.

Communist recommendations for an immediate tax program were:

(1) tax undivided corporate income;

(2) tax the $45,000,000,000 which the corporations have accumulated in the past;

(3) levy taxes on income from the $30,000,000,000 in tax-exempt securities;

(4) retain and increase to 25 percent the present corporate taxes;

(5) increase taxes on large inheritance and estates and on all incomes above $5,000 a year;

(6) plug all loopholes in the tax which enable the rich to dodge tax payments.

Such a program would finance all necessary social services. It would save the government from going cap in hand to the banks for loans and from increasing taxes on the consumers to pay interest to the bankers.

Thomas Jefferson

LAST week marked the 193rd anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birth, and from one end of the country to the other, reactionaries and progressives claimed this great champion of liberty for their own. It is symptomatic of the times, of the unrest of the American people under intolerable economic and social conditions, that the Hearsts and Liberty Leaguers should be compelled to hide behind the author of the Declaration of Independence. There is acute irony in this, for within the limits of his age and his class Jefferson was on the side of revolution.

He represented the small merchant class, the small farmers, the expanding American frontier; he was a leader in the struggle against the last vestiges of feudalism in this country. Within that historic framework, on the basis of the then existing social-economic conditions, Jefferson was a "leveller." He was not satisfied with breaking the chains which bound the colonies to England; he turned boldly against oppressive money-eyed and industrial interests at home. He realized that the revolutionary soldiers, the plain people who fought for emancipation from the English yoke, were going to be cheated of the fruits of their heroic struggle. When the Alexander Hamiltons roared in rage against the hungry and half-naked men who revolted under the leadership of Daniel Shays, Jefferson replied:

> Can history produce an instance of rebellion so honorably conducted? God forbid we should ever for twenty years be without such a rebellion . . . The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants.

The popular uprising was crushed; the banking interests led by Hamilton were victorious; they hastened to solidify their position by drawing up the Federal Constitution, which safeguarded the interests of large property and financial speculation. Jefferson, then in France, fought for a delay of ratification until the Bill of Rights was attached to the Constitution. The man who wrote the Declaration of Independence, who proclaimed the right of the people to armed rebellion against tyranny, also inspired the Constitutional amendment on freedom of speech, press and assemblage.

Jefferson's opposition to the privileged classes of his day was persistent. He introduced a bill in the Virginia House of Burgesses to abolish perpetual possession of landed property; he presented measures against exclusive inheritance by the elder son, so necessary to the plantation system; he drew up bills against the established church of Virginia; and, although himself a slave owner, introduced a bill for the abolition of Negro slavery.

Nor did his revolutionary sentiments confine themselves to a narrow nationalism. His own doctrines were absorbed from Europe, his ideas on civil liberty from John Locke and other British thinkers, his economic ideas partly from the French physiocrats. In turn, Jefferson gave his support to the embodiment of those ideas in the French revolution. He was United States Ambassador to France when King Louis was still on his throne; yet Jefferson permitted conspiratorial meetings of the French revolutionaries to be held in the American embassy. After the outbreak of the revolution, Jefferson justified the Jacobin terror as "necessary." He saw a direct connection between the success of the French Revolution and the "levelling" movement in the United States.

Terrified by the French Revolution, the counter-revolutionary party in the United States, through President John Adams, passed the Alien and Sedition Acts. Jefferson fought these laws, framing the Kentucky resolution which empowered the states to nullify them. He believed in the right to revolution, hence fought every attempt to kill free speech under the pretext of "sedition"; he was sympathetic to revolution in other countries, hence fought against every attempt to penalize the "alien." The popular wave of resentment against the Alien and Sedition Acts swept Jefferson into the presidency.

This was the revolutionary side of Thomas Jefferson, the Jefferson whom the reactionaries today seek to distort and falsify in the interests of an incipient American fascism. They must distort and falsify, because the real Jefferson does not belong to them. He belongs to the mass of the American people; his real heirs today are those Americans who are fighting against the tyranny of Big Business with the revolutionary spirit and boldness with which he fought the tories of that day.

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They Call It "Mutiny"

BRUCE MINTON

EVERYTHING about temporary strike headquarters in New York City is reminiscent of San Francisco in 1934. The docks loom opposite with their massive concrete and stone facades. The steep staircase leads up to the bare hall filled with tobacco smoke and big men bunched in groups to talk about the strike and to wait their turn on the picket line or flying squad. The window looks out over the street with the guard below demanding of everyone who wishes to enter the hall that he show his strike card. To one side stand pickets watching the police across the avenue as they swing their clubs back and forth and try to appear nonchalant. The same hesitancy of scabs to leave the dock, the furtive dash for safety and the pickets trailing. . . .

They have launched the most significant struggle to occur on the East Coast waterfront in over a decade, these New York seamen. Twenty-seven hundred sailors have taken the first step in the fight for rank-and-file control of the maritime unions. On the West Coast, on the Gulf, waterfront workers had already formed Maritime Federations. The East Coast lagged—until now.

It started on the S.S. California as it lay in San Pedro, port of Los Angeles. For over a year, workers on the East Coast waterfront have looked westward. There, since the general maritime strike of 1934, wages have been higher ($62.50 a month as compared to $57.50 on the Atlantic Coast). Sailors up and down the Pacific are hired through union halls, no longer forced as they are on the Atlantic to wait their turn in the offices of private shipping sharks or in front of the docks, regardless of weather, sometimes for hours, sometimes for days. Out West, seamen are paid for overtime; here, they donate their overtime labor—even though they work ten, fifteen, eighteen hours.

For many months, the officials of the International Seamen's Union (I.S.U.) have been promising substantial improvement in conditions. The half-hearted negotiations with the shipowners continued without results. The seamen on the S.S. California tired of waiting. When the ship was anchored safely in the harbor of San Pedro, the crew struck. They didn't walk off the S.S. California but remained on board, refusing to work until the company promised a contract that matched the contracts signed with the West Coast seamen.

Steamship officials fluttered about, horrified at such "insubordination," more horrified that the men, by sticking on the boat, prevented the use of strikebreakers. The officials shouted "mutiny"—a new charge against strikers refusing to work a ship in harbor. Mutiny connotes refusal to obey commands on the high seas, not a strike for better working conditions while the boat lies safely tied to a dock. If the shipowners could convict the S.S. California strikers of mutiny, then a strike against continuous exploitation becomes a criminal offense. And the 440 men who insisted on better pay and wages for overtime found, to their surprise, that the Department of Commerce, headed by Secretary Daniel Roper, backed the shipowners and seemed only too willing to prosecute the "mutiny" charge.

Then the Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins,[1] telephoned from Washington to the strikers. Joseph Curran, huge, militant, talked with the "workers' friend" for fully half an hour. Frances Perkins requested him to urge the men to return with the California. The "mutiny" charge, she gave him to understand, would be dropped. The strikers would not be fired, blacklisted or "logged" (have their pay withheld). The issues could be discussed once the ship reached the home port. Joseph Curran returned to the other men, reported the conversation. The men trusted Frances Perkins. They voted to sail the S.S. California back to New York.

When the ship arrived in New York, sixty-four of the crew were arbitrarily picked as the ringleaders; the owners made them "examples" by logging, discharging, blacklisting them and once more threatening to prosecute them for "mutiny." Everything Secretary Perkins had solemnly intimated would *not* happen, *did* happen.

This is what precipitated the New York strike. The sixty-four locked-out seamen were supported by strike action on the California and other liners owned by the parent company, International Mercantile Marine Company. Within a fortnight twenty-seven crews had walked off ships in sympathy with the S.S. California seamen. The sympathy strike rapidly became an active struggle for an agreement that would grant West Coast conditions and expire at the same time as the West Coast contract, so that after September, 1936, simultaneous national action of all seamen would be a possibility.

BEHIND the present walkout lies a long, complicated history in which the government and the reactionary top officialdom of the I.S.U. stand shoulder to shoulder with the shipowners in the drive to smash militant waterfront unions. The New York strike is no isolated action. It involves not only the I.S.U. of the Atlantic but the marine unions of the Pacific and the Gulf.

The 1934 strike on the West Coast met as strenuous opposition from the Eastern union officialdom as from the shipowners themselves. The rank-and-file victory broke the hold of the union bureaucracy in the West and placed it in the hands of the membership. The marine unions consolidated their advances by forming a Federation of all workers on the Pacific Coast waterfronts.

Moreover, the strike had politicalized the workers. They had seen the Republican Governor Merriam ordering out the troops to shoot down strikers. They had seen the New Deal administration sending General Hugh Johnson, Edward McGrady and Senator Wagner to the Coast to cooperate with the shipowners. They had found the Epic gubernatorial candidate, Upton Sinclair, politically bankrupt. And they began to realize that the fight for economic rights would be effectively aided by the support of a powerful political movement. Since the strike, large sections of the marine unions have already endorsed Labor Party candidates in San Francisco, Farmer-Labor candidates in the Pacific Northwest. Out of the strike struggles is growing the realization that only a broad, united front political party, with its base in the rank and file of workers and allying to it the sympathetic liberals and middle-class groups could preserve and forward the economic gains already won.

What happened on the West Coast stimulated the militancy of the rank and file and therefore greatly weakened the reactionary top union officialdom on every other waterfront in the country. Despite the assault of the shipowners against this new unity of workers, the Federation held strong. Thoroughly aroused, the sailors ousted corrupt union officials, including the secretary of the Sailor's Union of the Pacific, Paul Scharrenberg. This official, who had held office almost as long as any seaman could remember, was tried, proven guilty of war mongering, malfeasance in office and conspiracy to break up the union. He was unanimously expelled.

A series of attacks on the rank and file by the East Coast I.S.U. officialdom working hand in hand with the shipowners followed. Framing militants in court failed. Gangster terrorism had no effect. So in Washington, at the beginning of this year, the self-appointed delegates at the I.S.U. national convention withdrew the charter of the Sailor's Union of the Pacific on the grounds that affiliation of the S.U.P. to the Maritime Federation violated the A.F. of L.

[1] THE NEW MASSES pointed out editorially, March 31, that contrary to the story carried by the March of Time, The New York Times, the Hearst press and most other capitalist newspapers, the strikers did not call the Secretary of Labor of their own initiative but were telephoned to by Frances Perkins who gave her personal guarantee that the strikers would get what she called "a square deal."

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principle opposing dual unionism; that the S.U.P. had not lived up to awards and agreements underwritten by the I.S.U.; and that the refusal to reinstate Paul Scharrenberg as directed by the executive board of the I.S.U. was in itself grounds for expulsion.

The longshoremen's and other unions in the Maritime Federation stood firmly behind the seamen. Revoking the West Coast charter did not go over as the Executive Board had anticipated. Instead, the sailors asked for an injunction preventing the Executive Board from setting up a hostile (actually a scab) union. Final action on the injunction is still pending. But the Executive Board is evidently taking no chances: it sent Ivan Hunter as its official representative to the West Coast and Ivan Hunter was arrested, charged with attempting to hire assassins to murder West Coast rank-and-file leaders.

The drive against the West Coast goes on. Hearst and the shipowners and the officialdom promise "immediate"—that is, vigilante — action. They actually threaten through the Hearst press an armed assault on the marine unions should these support the East Coast strike by refusing to work scab boats from New York. The Maritime Federation has replied by declaring its solidarity with the East Coast seamen; the Sailor's Union of the Pacific has pledged $100 a week to the strike fund.

The situation on the Pacific is duplicated on the Gulf. There, militant unionists also formed a Federation. There, because the rank and file is not so strong as it is on the Pacific, the East Coast gang has been able to bully and intimidate locals from affiliating officially with the Federation.

While the West Coast and Gulf rebelled against their union officials, these gentlemen faced difficulties even in the East. Mass discontent existed among the seamen against an agreement which the officials had forced upon the membership late in 1934. The terms of this agreement differed basically from those prevailing in the Sailor's Union of the Pacific. Though the shipowners recognized the union, they did so in exchange for a wage scale of $57.50 a month (instead of $62.50), no pay for overtime, no hiring through union halls. The membership resented this; the officials explained that Rome wasn't built in a day—things must be taken in stride, one move building for the next. The membership remained unconvinced.

When the East Coast agreement expired last December, the officials once again "negotiated." They called for a vote—would the same agreement as that entered into for 1935 be acceptable to the men? The answer was 5 to 1 *against such an agreement.* The rank and file demanded the same terms as those granted in the West. In the face of this action by the crew of the California in San Pedro, the union officials signed an agreement with the shipowners *for two years* which raised wages $5 a month to the West Coast scale, but made no provision for the central demands—pay for overtime and hiring through union halls.

The officials finally signed this new agreement, but refused to submit it to a vote of the membership. The men rebelled. With the experience of the S. S. California strikers, after seeing their own officials raise the cry of "mutiny" along with the shipowners and the government, the rank and file understood that they must fight for union democracy. The officials understood the

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men's position too and the threat to their own power. They sought to "outlaw" the New York strike, asking an injunction to prevent the seamen from using the name I.S.U. The injunction still pends.

WHO are the officials fighting against the rank and file? In Washington sits Paul Scharrenberg, thrown out by his own union, reviled by every seaman as "fink," "scab," "rat." He sits in Washington, the new editor of The Seamen's Journal, the new lobbyist for the I.S.U. officialdom at $100 a week. He it is who raises the Red scare that feeds the Hearst press.

Victor Olander, secretary-treasurer of the I.S.U., holds the same position in Illinois that Scharrenberg held in California. Olander is secretary-treasurer of the Illinois State Federation of Labor. Like Scharrenberg, he has been playing politics for the last twenty years. Olander has his finger in every political deal in Cook County, Ill. Both Scharrenberg and Olander actively fought industrial unionism at the last A.F. of L. convention—Olander acted as President Green's right-hand man. Two more reactionary officials than Scharrenberg and Olander can't be found in the A.F. of L. bureaucracy.

There are many more. Perhaps once some of these officials were workers. But for the most part they have held desk jobs for ten, twenty, in Scharrenberg's case thirty years. They're all the same, these bureaucrats, running the union "legally" under a constitution *never ratified by the membership.* This constitution reads:

> **The control of the Union shall be vested in the Executive Board. . . . The Executive Board shall be responsible for the working of the Union and its policies. Its rulings and decisions are final and may only be changed or modified by a two-thirds vote of the entire membership, *unless the Board sees fit to reverse its decision in the interest of the Union.* [My emphasis.—B. M.]. . . . The salary of officers shall be determined by the Executive Board.**

Recently, at a New York City mass meeting, the rank-and-file strikers unanimously elected a special committee to try the Executive Board for misappropriating $1,000 of union funds, used in a way that violated even the fake constitution. But this trial cannot get far, for the constitution reads:

> **Branches may elect a Trial Committee, but shall not have the authority to expel any member. This right shall be reserved for action by the Executive Board.**

The bureaucrats fight the present strike by importing strikebreakers from Detroit and Cleveland. They issue free union books to totally inexperienced men, violating the rule that full membership in the union cannot be granted before a man has served a six-months trial period. Union officials have endangered the safety and lives of countless passengers by urging men who never saw a ship before to take jobs on boats. They have hired gangsters to attack the picket lines. They have attempted to split the union apart by obtaining an injunction against the rank and file prohibiting them from using the name of the I.S.U. For years they have thwarted even the semblance of union democracy. They run the union under a constitution that the men have never ratified, electing themselves and their cronies to act as delegates to conventions, acting in the name of the men against the interests of the rank and file. They refuse to put this strike to a vote—because they know that they will be defeated and a strike controlled by the rank and file spells their doom.

Contrast these bureaucrats with the rank-and-file leaders. Harry Bridges on the West Coast showed the way by his wise, fearless leadership of the longshoremen and his activity in the Maritime Federation. In the East, another leader emerges, as Bridges emerged, from the rank and file. Joe Curran has been a seaman for more than twelve years. Like Bridges, he is a worker who assumed leadership at a time of crisis. Born in New York, of Irish stock, thirty-four, Curran never forgets that while he is chairman of the strike committee, he is responsible to it and that the committee is responsible to the membership. Democracy, denied at the top, exists in the rank and file.

> **What we're also after [Curran told me] is to get away from the dictatorial officials. This strike is the expression of the men. They were given no voice in the union. I guess my job is to say out loud to everyone what the men really want and think. That's all, to act for the men, the way they say I should act.**

And what happened on the West Coast is beginning to happen in New York. Through struggle, seamen begin to learn that their economic rights involve political

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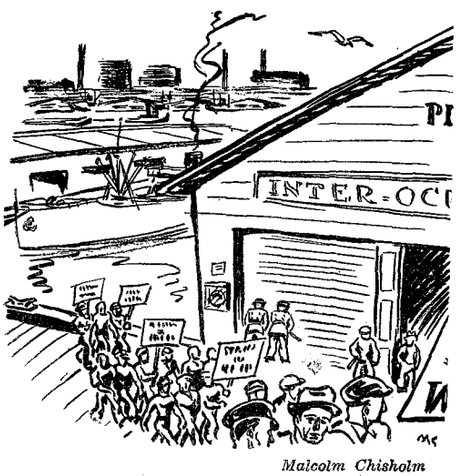
action. They talk of it repeatedly. Already they are impressed by the liberal and middle-class support of their strike offered by the Citizens' Committee for Striking Seamen. The strike in New York promises to give strong impetus to the formation of a united front Farmer-Labor Party in the East.

THE shipowners count on the support of the I.S.U. officialdom. They also count on the government. Secretary of Commerce Roper has responded nobly. He calls for an "investigation" of vague charges implying sabotage, inefficiency, mutiny, conspiracy. Challenged, he stated that such an investigation will be "hazy." What is a "hazy" investigation? Perhaps Secretary Roper means an investigation that headlines statements in the newspapers designed to militate against the marine unions, an investigation which avoids revelations embarrassing to the ship owners.

The rank and file answer, "Let the investigation start at the top and reveal true conditions existing on shipboard and on the beach. Expose the corruption and dishonesty practised by the shipping companies, the menace to life that the steamship operators allow because they want to save money."

Secretary Roper, with his plea for "safety at sea" has deliberately obscured the issue. "Safety," according to him, implies the smashing of marine unions. He does not really emphasize adequate safeguarding of life, adequate manning of ships, adequate protection against fire and other hazards at sea. He attempts to shift the investigation



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to isolated instances of minor "insubordination." The Philadelphia Record sums it up:

> But the National Committee on Safety at Sea, of which Howard S. Cullman is vice chairman, completely exposes the "Red" hunt in a report released today.
>
> He shows that most of the so-called "insubordination" cases are labor cases. He shows that they have occurred because the Department of Commerce has ducked its responsibility to see to it that American seamen get decent wages and working conditions.

There is reason behind this attack on labor unions. The administration prepares for war. Seamen, their brothers the longshoremen, other marine workers, must be cowed so that they will raise no objection to a new imperialist war. They must be regimented, "controlled," properly "disciplined." Militant unions are anti-war: the longshoremen and sailors on the West Coast refuse to handle obvious war cargo destined for Italy. Such action sets a precedent which may prove embarrassing to the administration's war program. It might be wiser to dissolve these militant unions. "Safety at Sea" is an ideal slogan to this end.

The shipowners' lobby in Washington—as powerful as the munition and utility lobbies—supports Secretary Roper. The "safety" measures are not designed to prevent the supplying of scabs to shipowners by W.P.A., as happened in New York. They are not designed to halt the issuance to gangsters and wholly inexperienced men of papers allowing them to act as seamen; nor are they designed to stop ships leaving port with scab crews composed of Sea Scouts between the ages of fifteen and eighteen—children who know nothing about the sea and in an emergency would be unable to function. The Department of Commerce has not yet interfered with the Ward Line which forces seamen to sleep in a small, ill-ventilated room on the Oriente, with but one exit (though this is contrary to law). In the event a steam pipe bursts near the one door, the men will be trapped and boiled alive. Secretary Roper does not mention the Morro Castle which was undermanned and the crew overworked to the point of exhaustion and extreme inefficiency. *Militant unionism would have prevented the Morro Castle disaster by preventing the conditions that caused it.* Yet Roper is anxious to smash militant unions.

The recent offensive for "safety" conducted by the Department of Commerce aids legislation already proposed in the Senate. Senator Copeland, Tammany reactionary, sponsors several bills, the most notorious being S. 3500 and S. 3501. In addition to granting subsidies, the bills are designed "to aid national defense . . ." and "to study means by which . . . revenue of vessel owners may be increased and operating costs decreased." Operating costs can be reduced only by wage cuts, difficult to accomplish when a strong, militant, rank-and-file union resists. But the proposed Copeland Bill provides the machinery for breaking this opposition. It would set up a blacklist, an official, *government blacklist.*

The bill provides that every seaman working on a vessel of 100 tons or more:

> shall be furnished with a book to be known as a continuous discharge book, which shall be retained by him and which shall contain the signature of the seaman to whom it is so provided, and a statement of his nationality, age, personal description, photograph and home address. . . . Upon discharge of any seaman and the payment of his wages, the shipping commissioner shall enter in the continuous discharge book of such seaman, the name of the vessel, the nature of the voyage . . . and the rating then held by such seaman.

Senator Copeland also desires the following amendment:

> The Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection is authorized and directed to investigate employment and wage conditions in ocean-going shipping . . . and prescribe and enforce minimum manning scales and minimum wage scales and reasonable working conditions.

Obviously, the machinery is there to allow government dictatorship of wages and working conditions; the blacklist, the suppression of strikers and elimination of unions. If this legislation is passed, the road is paved for

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an attack on other unions—longshoremen, miners, railroad men; then to unions of white-collar workers, light industry.

THE reactionary union officials, the shipowners, William Randolph Hearst understand what is at stake. Joseph Ryan, president of the International Longshoremen's Association and the New York City Central Trades and Labor Council, also sees the implications. He lost control of the West Coast in 1934; if the seamen are victorious in New York, the longshoremen here are likely to bolt his leadership. That explains Ryan's zeal in preventing Joe Curran from presenting the seamen's case to the Labor Council. Ryan for self-preservation must block other trade unions from helping the seamen, from understanding the problem and so undermining his position along with that of Olander, Scharrenberg and the rest.

The battle which gathered momentum on the West Coast almost two years ago has now reached the Atlantic seaboard. It is the fight for a National Maritime Federation, for industrial unionism. It is the fight not only to preserve the maritime unions by achieving trade-union democracy, but to preserve all unions. Ultimately the conflict leads into the political arena, into the necessity of seamen and all other workers to support a united front Farmer-Labor Party in order to preserve their economic position. The shipowners, the union officials, the government call it mutiny. In essence, it is the life-and-death struggle against fascism.

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Minnesota Acts

C. A. HATHAWAY

THE furthering of the Farmer-Labor Party on a national scale is of such central importance for both the immediate and future welfare of the toiling population of this nation that one is quite justified in adopting a most critical attitude toward those who deal incorrectly or lightly with this question. It is in this spirit that I approach the article which appeared in the last issue of THE NEW MASSES on the St. Paul convention of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party.

The article in question, written by Miss Elizabeth Adams, suffers, in the first place, from an impermissible carelessness in handling facts—a mistake which no reporter can make with impunity.

It suffers, secondly, from a quite inadequate knowledge of the problems and perspective of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party at home, of its possible role in furthering the setting up of a national Farmer-Labor Party, and of the probable effects within the state of its national activities—and vice versa.

I believe that my many years of association with the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party and its leaders (1918-1925), plus the fact that I attended all sessions of the recent convention and spent several weeks in Minnesota during the preparations for this convention, qualifies me to discuss all questions—both factual and analytical—raised by Miss Adams.

I do not propose to deal at length with factual inaccuracies. These assume importance only insofar as they raise doubts as to the competency of the author *as a reporter*. I will point out only a few "minor" factual errors to begin with, that is, errors having nothing to do with the conclusions reached by the author.

A direct quote is attributed to Governor Floyd B. Olson, supposedly made by him in his opening speech. This quotation was taken from a press statement issued two or three days before the opening of the convention and issued not by Governor Olson, but by United States Senator Elmer A. Benson. The only thing correct in this instance is that both Governor Olson and Senator Benson denounced red-baiting.

The assertion is made that Representative Thomas Amlie of Wisconsin spoke for the adoption of the specific resolution quoted in the article urging a national Farmer-Labor Party. He alone is mentioned as supporting it. Actually Mr. Amlie spoke twenty-four hours before this resolution was presented to the convention and then only in a very general way in support of such national action this year. Those who spoke in favor of the resolution were active Minneapolis and St. Paul trade unionists.

Many other minor factual errors might be cited which may be greeted with displeasure by local Farmer-Labor leaders. I am certain, for example, that Harold Bean, secretary of the Minnesota Workers' Alliance, will not appreciate the multiplication of his organization's membership in the story; he reported 40,000, and our author reported 100,000!

A more serious factual distortion, one having direct bearing on the analysis and the conclusions of Miss Adams, has to do with the text of the resolution proposing that the Minnesota Party take the initiative in creating a national Farmer-Labor Party, further the formation of state Parties and explore the possibilities for a presidential ticket in 1936.

The text of this resolution as presented by Miss Adams in last week's NEW MASSES follows:

> After a bitter [!] debate, the convention adopted the resolution providing that "a special committee be elected with representatives from each congressional district to call conferences of and to cooperate with other progressive, labor, farmer and political organizations and leaders in calling a national conference *to explore the possibilities of a national ticket in 1936.*

The actual resolution as adopted by the convention and as correctly reported by other correspondents reads:

> Therefore, be it resolved that this convention of 1936 *reaffirm its conviction as to the necessity of building State Farmer-Labor Parties and a national Farmer-Labor Party,* and that a special committee be elected, with representation from each Congressional District, to call conferences of and to cooperate with other progressive, labor, farmer and political organizations and leaders in calling a national conference to explore the possibilities of a national Farmer-Labor ticket in 1936, *and in promoting state Farmer-Labor Parties, a concentrated campaign to elect Farmer-Labor Congressmen in the 1936 campaign, and in building a national Farmer-Labor Party.*

More is involved here than merely the condensing of a quotation. Miss Adams confuses two questions, a national Farmer-Labor *Party* in 1936, and a Farmer-Labor presidential *ticket* in 1936. She considers the adoption of the resolution as a mere maneuver by the Farmer-Labor Party leaders—as a concession to maintain unity in the convention. She speaks of the "exploration clause" as pertaining to the organization of a national *Party* in 1936, though the resolution as adopted contains the clause "to explore" only in relation to a 1936 *ticket*.

I would not enter into a discussion as to the motives which caused the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party leaders to support this resolution. Maybe it was a maneuver to avoid a convention clash with the more militant wing of the Party. Maybe they will try to avoid carrying it out or sabotage its execution. Such talk, at best, is idle speculation. The more important thing is that in reporting the convention, Miss Adams contributes toward confusing the supporters of a national Farmer-Labor Party. Her speculation could only serve to demobilize the advocates of a national ticket in 1936.

Under the terms of the resolution adopted the Minnesota Farmer-Labor movement is pledged to the following specific actions:

> 1) to call a preliminary conference of representatives of labor, farmer and progressive groups who in general are committed to the formation of a national Farmer-Labor Party.
> 2) to promote the formation of state Farmer-Labor Parties.
> 3) to develop a concentrated, national campaign to further the election of Farmer-Labor congressmen in 1936.
> 4) to build a *national* Farmer-Labor *Party.*
> 5) and finally, *"to explore* the possibilities of a national Farmer-Labor *ticket* in 1936."

That is quite different from the impression left by Miss Adams' article.

Why is this controversy about a *Party* and a *ticket* so important? Why must we insist on clarity in dealing with these specific questions? Simply because success or failure in building a nation-wide movement this year is bound up with this discussion. There are many people who are convinced of the necessity for a new national *Party,* and they see the necessity of building it *this year.* But they are opposed to a national *ticket* this year. They believe that this year it is necessary to support Roosevelt. If then the question of a national *ticket* is lumped together with the building of a national *Party,* these people would oppose the building of the Party. If the two problems, the building of a national Party and the running of a presidential ticket are kept as two separate questions, a tremendously broader support can be won for the building of the Farmer-Labor Party on a national scale *now.*

It was for that reason that the clause, "to explore" was written into the resolution. The convention decided to proceed with the building of the Party in the several states and nationally. But knowing the opposition of some groups to a national ticket this year they decided to consult with representatives of all groups before deciding for or against a presidential ticket.

This resolution was supported by the Communists who sat as delegates in the convention. As is well known we favor the formation of a new national Party—a broad, all-inclusive, militant, anti-fascist Farmer-Labor Party. We also favor a national ticket in

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1936. We will try to convince all other groups of the advisability of such a course. If these groups cannot be convinced, we would nevertheless work with them in the building of state Parties, in furthering the election of Farmer-Labor congressmen and in beginning the building of a national Party. The Communists would not favor running a national ticket under the Farmer-Labor Party banner unless it represented a truly broad mass movement. If agreement for a national ticket cannot be secured through the exploratory conferences proposed by the Minnesota resolution, the Communist Party would then place its own presidential ticket in the field under its own banner. This we would do while continuing to cooperate with all groups who are ready to proceed now with the building of a national Farmer-Labor Party and who are ready to unite in support of local, state and congressional Farmer-Labor candidates.

Now for a few remarks on Miss Adams' speculation on the possible effect of the action of the Minnesota Party on its position within the state. She appears to accept the view of some of the reactionaries there that support for a national Farmer-Labor Party will lead to defeat at home. She thinks that Farmer-Labor victories in Minnesota have resulted from a coalition, open or concealed, with the Democratic Party. This is sheer nonsense. The Party there was built in bitter struggle against both the Democratic and the Republican Parties. In that struggle the Democratic Party was virtually displaced by the Farmer-Labor Party, until today, in state politics, it is impotent.

It is true that Farmer-Labor politicians, including the present leaders, Governor Olson and Senator Benson, have made such election alliances, sometimes with Republicans, sometimes with Democrats. Such alliances may have played a role in the election of individual candidates. Certainly they were not decisive in building the Party or in bringing it to its present position.

On the contrary, such practices have been a source of weakness, a corrupting influence in the Party. They have invariably resulted in the demoralization and demobilization of the Party's most militant and capable forces and in bitter inner-Party struggles. What was gained by old-Party alliances was more than offset by such losses. Moreover in each case where such alliances were relied upon it resulted in the watering down of the Party's program and afterwards in a whole series of concessions in principle to the capitalist enemies of the toiling population. It led to outright betrayals.

No, my dear Miss Adams, the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party has nothing to fear from a bold, aggressive carrying out of its proposals for the formation of a national Farmer-Labor Party, or in joining with other groups in support of a Farmer-Labor presidential ticket in 1936. Of course, they would lose the support of Jim Farley. But they would gain the support of broader masses of workers and farmers.

Those who wish to see another Farmer-Labor victory in Minnesota—a victory that will not only return Farmer-Labor candidates to office, but result in strengthening and consolidating the Party and increase its militancy—should encourage Minnesota to carry out its convention decisions.

"The Challenge of Chile"

ALBERT CROSS

BUENOS AIRES.

IT'S LESS than a week ago now that I last visited Dr. Ring at the hotel in Santiago and listened as she told me about the pageant she was writing.

Every year, it seems, someone or other down in Miami chooses a different Latin-American country. The city of Miami provides the money, the Pan-American Union the blessings and a whole week in April is dedicated to informing North America about the country selected—thus fostering peace between nations and the brotherhood of man. There's an exposition of things "native": clothes, food, pottery, etc. And as a culmination to it all, an elaborate pageant—luxuriously presented in Miami's huge open-air theater. Last year "Columbia Caravan" crowned the glories of Columbia week, playing before an audience of almost ten thousand. This year the week belongs to Chile; the "Challenge of Chile," written by my friend Doctor Ring, will sow the seeds of love and understanding for our little brothers down in Chile.

I sat in her room at the Crillon wanting to say many things but unable to speak. It seemed as if the moment I passed the door of her suite, I had entered another world—remote, elegant, unperturbed—far from the battle-rocked Chile I had been a part of but a few moments before. Here there was nothing of the Chile of the general railroad strike and the hundreds of sympathy strikes—the Chile where the Army was in charge of running the trains, where carabineros and cavalrymen patrolled the streets, rifle on shoulder, where the President had just closed the doors of Congress and declared a three-months "state of siege."

So I nodded in proper fashion as she outlined the pageant she had come to Chile to write, every now and then putting in a polite word of approval and interest.

> A young American girl [if I remember correctly], meets a young Chilean fellow in Miami. By accident they are fated to be traveling companions to Chile. So a Pan-American Grace Airways Bus enters the theater and drives them off to the airport. From then on they always appear together—riding in the plane, landing in Chile, touring the country. But this is only part of the play. Since the girl is interested in Chilean history, her friend enlightens her. The lights go off and flashing on again, show us in pageant form the conquest of Chile by the Spaniards. Later on come pictures of Colonial life and then the story of O'Higgins and Rodriguez, who while vying for the hand of a young Chilean beauty (who ends up in a nunnery) accomplish the equally important task of freeing Chile from the yoke of Spain. At about this point in history the pageant ends. Nothing else happens except that the two young travelers, naturally enough, get married.

I can still hear the Doctor's clear aristocratic voice as she told the story, can see the taut parchment of her aged but alert face and recall the hypnotic effect of her words upon my mind so perturbed by thoughts of general strikes and states of siege. But now I am in Buenos Aires—the Andes and the Pampas between us. The spell is broken. I can express myself more or less clearly. I can write her a letter.

Dear Doctor Ring:

Since it was you yourself who told me that plays are never written but always rewritten, I suppose it is not too late to offer you some advice about the "Challenge of Chile."

My offer, I will admit, is possibly presumptuous. I do not come from Boston, as you do, nor even from a "good" family. I own neither hospital nor apartment house and have engaged in "low" ways of earning my living. I came to Chile with no letters of introduction from Colonel Palmer or anyone else. Nor have I, in fact, ever written a play.

You, on the other hand, have devoted every moment of your stay in Chile to an intense study of the country. You have assimilated dozens of history books about early Chile, the Conquest and the Liberation. You have taken a visit to the South and collected specimens of clothing, rugs, blankets. You have visited the museums, examined the treasured collections of the Library and through your interpreter, have talked with government officials.

So it is with due humility that I mention a few details of Chilean life that you overlooked.

Let's start with the cost of living—if you'll forgive me for treating of a subject so

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far removed from the sphere of pageant-writing.

Soon after the airplane landed you in Chile, you cashed one of your traveler's checks and for every American dollar you received about twenty-five pesos. You went to the best hotel in town and were pleased to hear that you would have to pay only sixty pesos a day (less than $2.50 American) for meals, two rooms and a bath. And a few weeks in Chile soon taught you that things could be purchased with amazingly few dollars. No doubt you wrote home that the cost of living in Chile was absurdly low.

Did it ever occur to you that for the very same reason that you found things cheap, the Chileans find them unbearably expensive? Did you ever hear mention that according to League of Nations statistics the cost of living in Chile is higher than in almost any other place in the world?

A year or so ago you would have received only twelve or thirteen pesos for your dollar. But that was before President Alessandri and his Minister of Finance, Gustavo Ross, proved themselves the ever-faithful servants of American and British imperialism by devaluating the currency.

It was a clever scheme and oh, so convenient. The foreign companies, owners of the copper, iodine and nitrate mines, the masters of wheat and electricity, need pay only half as many dollars as before in salaries and taxes. The importers from America, England and Japan can open the safety valves of capitalism twice as wide, bringing into the country twice the amount of goods with the same duties as before.

Now the Chilean worker is not only illiterate (three-eighths of the population can't read or write), he is also, I fear, completely lacking in business ability. While the foreign companies bustle around increasing their profits, he's still earning a miserable eight, nine or ten pesos a day (about 35 cents to you or me). And this, despite the fact that the cost of food, rent and clothing has risen tremendously—60 percent since 1932 in contrast to only 20 percent increase in wages. The reason, of course, is the "natural laziness of the Latin-American."

Now if you had gone so far as to learn Spanish before studying the country and then had spoken with some Chilean workers, you would have learned that they use a special name when they curse the Minister of Finance, Gustavo Ross: the Minister of Hunger. "Maldito sea el Ministro del Hambre!" they exclaim. This, you will understand, is explained by native Latin-American fire.

Minister Ross, for his part, has given a fine example of the natural picturesqueness of the language by his statement to a foreign journalist: "We must govern the natives with the whip of a slave-driver."

And Minister Ross, possibly from his intimate association with American business men, has learned to stick by his words.

I'm still wondering why you didn't put Ross into the "Challenge of Chile." Not only does he use picturesque language, but he also shows the true Pan-American spirit. In the interests of his country he has completed the job of his predecessor Ibanez and handed over most of the natural resources of the country to his big brothers from the States—who now control almost everything not in the hands of the British. Nitrate, copper, iodine—all are in the hands of foreign capitalists who develop their semi-colony by paying starvation wages and pocketing the profits.

Possibly the best example of his willingness to cooperate is the Ross-Calder pact, the "gentlemen's agreement" with the so-called "Chilean Electricity Company." It was proved that the officials of this American-controlled corporation had smuggled two hundred million pesos from the country ($8,000,000). But the quality of mercy is not strained in Chile when it comes to crimes committed by American capitalists. Ross arranged to free the country from the burden of paying the fine of the same amount which the court had already decreed and in turn put the control of electricity even more securely into the hands of the company. When an ancient Christian was slapped, he turned the other cheek. Minister Ross is even more forgiving. When one pocket is robbed, he runs after the thief and gives him the contents of the other. Of course, there's a slight difference. It's the people's pocket, not Ross's.

For the last few paragraphs, Doctor, I have been hearing you say "Come to the point, come to the point. I'm writing a pageant, not a book on economics. Where's this advice you had for me?"

Now I wouldn't expect you to give a complete analysis of imperialism in "The Challenge of Chile." But on the other hand the subject does suggest items that should prove artistically interesting.

I will not mention the question of disease, for you are a doctor and own a hospital and are naturally well aware that in the last two years thirty thousand Chileans have had "typhus exantematicus" and that of that number 7,000 have died. In the last year, as you know, there were at least 20,000 deaths from tuberculosis and of a population numbering only four million there are now more than 200,000 tuberculars. Nor need I tell you that of every hundred children born in this land of poverty and disease twenty-five die before they have passed their first year and that for the population as a whole the average duration of life barely reaches twenty-five years.

These, of course, are not the items that would interest you. A pageant must deal with live men, not with dead ones (unless they are in the history books—and where can you read about the nameless thousands who died here of disease for lack of wholesome food and clean airy homes?) Let's talk about the living, rather.

Put a beggar or two in your pageant for background. Any one of the dozen or so in the street in front of your hotel will do. The armless man with the sickly rash on his face. The ragged street urchin who looks like eight but is really fifteen. The lean Indian mother with two dark babies in her arms. . . .

Have your hero and heroine go together some night to the Lucerna tea-room for cocktails and dancing and have them upon leaving, drop a few pesos into the hands of the mothers who have gathered before the door, children tugging at their skirts, begging for bread. Or have them take a stroll down the beautiful Avenida Alameda, where they will stop before a bundle of rags huddled on a doorstep and finding that the bundle is composed of three or four dozing children, will give them each a *chau-chau* (25 centavos) and pat them on the head. This will build up their character tremendously. It will show not only their charitable nature but their fearlessness when it comes to fleas.

But don't be afraid to criticize the country, when it is deserving of criticism. That terribly slow service, for instance.

Have your hero stop at one of the soda-fountains on Calle Ahumade, one of those frightfully hot afternoons. Be merciless in showing how the girl attendant, who works ten hours a day, seven days a week for 60 pesos a week (the price of your hotel-room per day)—how she forgets that he has given his order and how when she finally rushes up with the drink many minutes later, spills some on her threadbare black dress and in her hurry to attend to ten other complaining customers forgets to wipe the crumbs off the counter. (But say not a word of her trip after work to the house of many rooms where she can earn ten or fifteen pesos by a few minutes of submission and pretense.)

Perhaps your heroine visits the Guggenheim nitrate fields where the workers live like animals and organization is illegal. Or the Braden Copper Mine, the feudal kingdom high among the snow-capped Andes where the company owns everything and rules with an iron hand and the scenery is really remarkable.

Traveling of this sort is excellent for your heroine. It's not only instructive to the audience but healthful for her. It keeps her out in the fresh air, you know. Which reminds me: don't let her visit such a place as the "Cristaleria de Chile." The boys from eight to fifteen who earn their three or four pesos a day there are cute enough—but the fumes from the vats are quite harmful and since there are no protective devices, let your heroine stick to open-air touring.

Now many of these observations of mine I know you will never believe. And with good reason. Is not Chile the country which is supposed to have "the most advanced social legislation in South America?"

Without stopping to question the standard of comparison, I will agree at once. Social legislation in Chile has reached a high stage of development. There are laws covering

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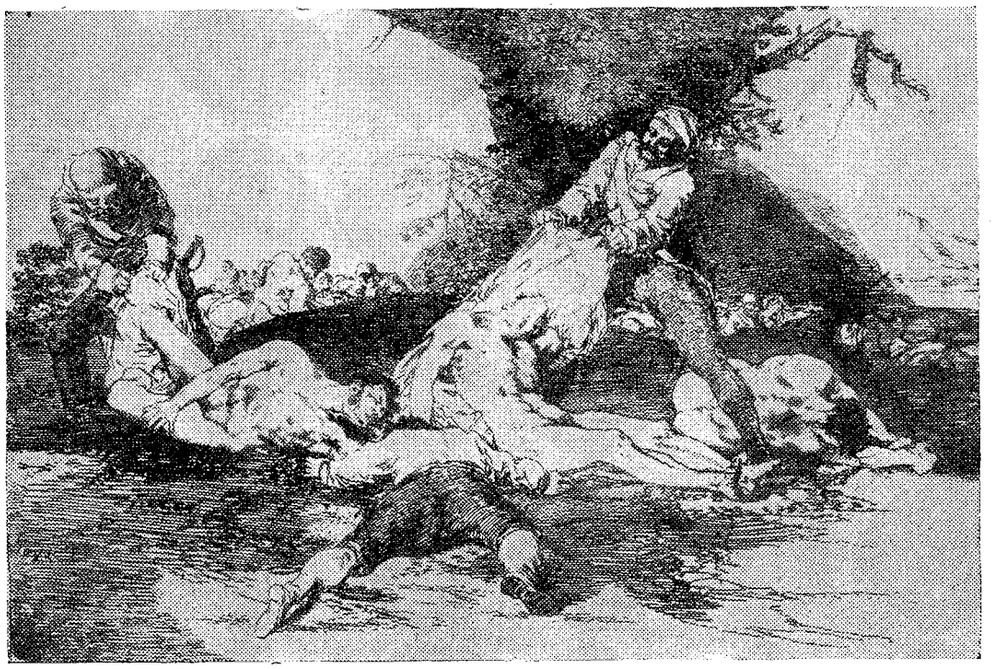

"THEY PROVIDE FOR THEMSELVES" *Goya*

hours of labor, social insurance, organization of cooperatives and freedom of trade-union development. The laws are not perfect. There is great room for amplification. But it is true that all in all they are extremely advanced. The Chilean people would be far less destitute than they are today if only these laws were observed.

At the Pan-American Labor Conference recently held in Santiago, Luis Solis, the swarthy shoemaker who heads the legal trade-union confederation and was the worker delegate to the conference, set off a bomb that was heard throughout South America. Presenting ample figures and illustrations, he proved that the social laws of Chile were so many words written on paper. He showed how the bosses evade the laws and even use them against the workers. He showed how impossible it is for the impoverished worker to defend his rights by recourse to the courts. He told how counter-laws have been passed to impede the action of social legislation and how despite the supposed freedom of organization in Chile, the Ministry of Labor is continually attempting to dominate the trade-unions and has even issued instructions to the police to dissolve industrial unions.

Solis ended his speech with a fervent plea to defend and amplify what social legislation has been achieved. What we have won, he said, has been the fruit of fierce battles in factory, street and barricade. We have no illusions about the good-will of the ruling classes. Our motto is "The emancipation of the toilers has to be the work of the toilers themselves!"

In Chile, Doctor, they have been busy at that work. . . .

Appreciating the fact that you were too busy studying Chilean life to concern yourself with the railroad strike, I will tell you something about it.

The railroad strike became the driving force in a movement that expressed the Chilean toilers' aspirations for a decent life—for tolerable working conditions and a living wage.

The reactionary press swung into full action. It denied the existence of the strike, proved the strike was inspired by Karl Radek and his Moscow gold, openly bewailed the need for a Hitler and Mussolini and called for a Pan-American conference against Communism.

The president all the while wasted no time. He arrested every labor leader he could get his hands upon.

But desiring to put his entire opposition into jail also, he felt somewhat handicapped by the usual legal procedure. So he shut down Congress (to save the trouble of arguing about the matter) and declared a state of siege.

Immediately the terror mounted. The police were ordered to arrest the leaders of the Communist, Socialist and Radical-Socialist parties and the editors of the two opposition dailies, La Hora and Opinion.[1] Cavalrymen patroled the streets, armed guards stood before the workers' centers. At the point of rifles the army forced workers to man the railroads.

In this way the strike was finally broken.

Those who were arrested—numbering well over a thousand—were mostly sent to the penal islands in the South.

The terror still reigns. The carabineros still march through the streets with rifles on their shoulders. And perhaps your pageant is already completed.

[1] The government was unable to close these papers, because parliamentarians, deputies and senators—who are above arrest—were assigned by the Bloc to take temporary charge of the editorial functions.

I have little hope, Doctor, that you will include in "The Challenge of Chile" any of the facts and occurrences I have related. I remember your telling me how once you were obliged to rewrite one of your pageants because a big-shot in Washington objected to some satirical remarks about American intervention in Nicaragua. So even if you cared to, you could never succeed in bucking the opposition of the Chilean Consul, the Mayor of Miami, the Pan-American Union and Washington.

Yet I cannot help but dream of ten thousand people in Miami's magnificent open-air theater viewing the history of Chile in her valiant battle for freedom.

Not only the struggle against Spain, led by the O'Higginses and Rodriguez to whom you confine your pageant.

But the even fiercer struggle which is being carried on by the O'Higginses of today, the Socialists, Communists and Liberals who are building the People's Front against fascism and imperialism — Groce, Latcham, Lafferte, Escobar, Mery, Rossetti and hundreds of others.

In this very moment of repression and ebb, they are continuing the fight. The struggle against the terror. The consolidation of their forces. And in the factories, fields, mines and not least, the penal camps—the forging of that complete unity which will soon allow them to take the offensive.

The Chilean toiler still remembers the thirteen days after the mutiny of the fleet, 1932—thirteen unlucky days for Wall Street —when the crisis gave birth to the first Socialist Republic of America. He cannot forget how the pawnshops were opened and made to disgorge the belongings of the workers. He remembers. . . .

This is one of the reasons it is said that Chile will perhaps be the first of the South American countries to throw off the chains of imperialism and thus crack one of the main props beneath the top-heavy structure of world-capitalism.

And this, I believe, is the "Challenge of Chile."

Since the writing of this article all the parties of the Left have consolidated a People's National Front, described as "anti-imperialist and anti-reactionary." Already this bloc, representing a vast majority of Chileans, has been victorious in several local elections and in preventing Congress from granting Dictator Allessandri the exceptional powers for which he had asked.

Meanwhile, society matrons and lingering Miami vacationers have witnessed Barbara Ring's "pageant-play." Under the revised title "O'Higgins of Chile" it was presented in Bayfront Park on "Pan-American Day" (April 14). Among the guests especially invited to attend were Mr. Manuel Trucco, Ambassador of Chile in Washington and Colonel A. Kenny Palmer, investment banker and director of the Chile-American Association.

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Song of the Bridge

I THOUGHT I knew what bridges were built of. . . . Stone and steel, wrought and bonded together with care by proven formulas: designed with certain known factors of safety. . . .

I was sent out from the office as Material Man. I ordered materials, checked materials; ate, drank, lived, breathed and dreamed materials. My charts displayed the time of their arrival, their quality, their quantity, their use. I knew all about the materials needed to build a bridge. I felt that I controlled the building of the bridge.

One day I tripped and fell from a loading platform; I started to my feet, but already three men were at my side to help me. I said that I was all right, but that my hand felt numb. Two fingers were bent at a crazy angle: broken. They took me to the doctor who set my fingers. They said I was lucky it was my left hand. As I went back to work I realized that a garrulous little scale man, an Indian loader and a boisterous truck driver, who had been helpful, sympathetic and ashamed of it, were all builders of the bridge.

I learned to know the men by name (who had been just a series of brass tags like the one I wore: the *Company No. 3*), to know their hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, successes, failures. I watched them work under the blistering sun, day after day, sweat pouring from their bodies. And I came to know what bridges were really built of. . . . Human sufferings, exposure, sweat and strain, flesh and bone, nerves and hearts, brains and lives, bonded together by the laws of chance.

I saw Jim, the Irish foreman, far up on the steel skeleton; he walked swayingly; he was tired, having sat up all night with a sick child. He was nervous, dizzy; one moment he tottered, fell with a short heart-piercing cry, his big hands clawing the air. . . . Seconds that seemed like years crawled by. . . . It was over and Jim was bound into the bridge, by the laws of equilibrium and gravitation.

I saw "Old Joe," shoveling at the mixer, crushed by the wheels of a backing truck. I shouted, but it stopped too late. "Old Joe" died instantly and was bound into the bridge, by the laws of momentum: the energy of mass in motion.

I saw Steve, while waiting for the coroner. Steve had worked until his worn-out body failed. His heart stopped and he lay dead across his shovel. I saw Dan maimed, Bill burned. Mac, the engineer, worried himself into a nervous breakdown—his mind collapsed: the brain drawn like a cable wire till it snapped. The plans for an alteration were delayed; "Chuck," who was making them, "keeled over" at his desk. He died in a few months of T.B. All these were bound into the bridge.

I hated the bridge that took so many men to give it strength and symmetry of form. I checked materials with these obsessions: each slab of face stone was a tombstone on which there should be carved an epitaph; and each steel girder, coated with orange lead and beaded with moisture in the mornings, brought images of men gleaming with sweat in the belching fire-glow of a converter; the dull grey dust of the cement told of a plant where fresh live rocks, like new lives, were dumped into the kiln, traveled downward through terrific heat till burned to dirty clinkers, ground back to the dust from whence they came.

The bridge was built; the men were gone; human lives that it might, with their spirits, live, like phoenix arisen from the ashes of those consumed. And the souls of those who died were transmigrated into webs of steel or piers of stone with bowed atlas shoulders. Then *they* came from the home office and said, "Now *we* have finished it! All it needs is a coat of paint!" And all it took was another human life to cover up the steel lest it should rust. Let it rust! For that dull red is only blood of those who died that it might live: mute cry against their death; against being part of that which claimed their lives.

The bridge was built; the men were gone; but we remained: the watchman and myself and those who were entombed within the bridge.

The day arrived for the dedication. The governors of the states were met, officially, to sever the silken strand. The dedicatory speeches were indeed masterpieces of "sound and fury": ". . . This triumph of mankind over nature! This noble structure, builded of stone and steel! . . ." Suddenly I walked away. I could tell them! I, the Material Man! I knew what bridges were built of!

T. CONGER KENNEDY.

Song for Geneva

They make love in the obscene corners of their councils
conceding here arms, here fleets,
here territories, coal and the irrigated wheat fields
for sweet concession, here in oil, here in hemp,
here with protestation.
Love is subtle matter, and arbitrary;
if my hair is less abundant,
still I have lands for you,
and what's for workers' wage
denies the thrust of incandescent bulbs
upon the obsequies, indecent pulchritude
rouged limp in the wood of not their labors.
We will have had enough of pacts, recognitions, trade, diplomacies;
we will have had enough of compromise, Swiss and urban,
blind for tools that make no monument for man
that carves not blood among its pages,
long indulgent, spring and winter wise,
with undivided shares, of which profits us none
carrying their arms
who make for fables talk of peace and ploughs for guns
in field talk,
not in the sequestered regions of their love beds
where they make sound of here arms, here fleet, here hemp,
here concessions
in the obscene corners of their councils, distant.
And shall we not say then,
resting our backs against these walls flung behind us,
enough, enough tongue,
tongue and the endless
spray of your whore mouths on paper
spread for us, tabloid;
vile body, loose pimped in whose gardens
we have no seed planted,
making barter of us who make no market of the blood in us
for wars imperial;
nor have we wheel to turn the crop,
nor sponge for milk, nor bread,
nor arms for shot,
nor bridge, nor brick, nor bat;
nor have we desire.
These our fields, these cotton, these corn,
and this our smoke for engines working.
Else for naught
and naught for else
that our hands are wrought in man's labors
and not for man!

OWEN BURKE.

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Casualties Among the Young

EDWARD NEWHOUSE

THE girl at the switchboard said the president of the company was out of town and, confidentially, would continue to be out of town for the duration of the strike. It didn't look like much of a story and I started back to the railroad station. The young Italian organizer who had previously given me the particulars stopped me before strike headquarters and walked part of the way.

We were passing a corner house and he said, "You come up here. This fellow has eight kids. His wife is on the picket line but he ought to be around. I can't stay but you take a look at the place and let him give you an earful."

We went up the wooden stairs and knocked on the door for a long time before a little girl stuck her head out of the window. She said, "My Pop's not home." But when she saw who it was she opened the door and told us he had gone to join the pickets and wouldn't be back until supper-time.

The young Italian said, "Well, I have to beat it but you go in, take a look around before you leave town. Show him the house, Gracie."

The little girl stared after him as he ran down the stairs and then stared at me. She was about six and very dirty and looked at me sidewise as she brushed the straight blonde hair from one eye. "My Pop's not home," she repeated.

When I went into the kitchen she hung back and watched me from the doorway. All they had in the kitchen was the stove and the table and two chairs. Water was running over a pail and a scrubbing brush hung from the sink. A little boy, even younger and dirtier than the girl, came out of the room and smiled at me. He was nude to the waist and plucked persistently at both his nipples.

The little girl said, "Stop that."

I went through a small room that had a couple of mattresses and some blankets on the floor and a picture of Joan Crawford stuck on the wallpaper. In the front room there was another boy, lying in a bed without sheets or a pillowcase. He turned his head toward me. He must have been about nine.

"Hello," I said.

"My Pop's not home," he said in the tone his sister had used. "He won't be home all week."

"I'm not a bill collector. Lie back."

"He came with Ralph," the little girl said.

The boy in bed relaxed a bit but looked at me just as intently as the other two. He was very sallow and seemed to have no eyebrows at all, only two great eyes and a great shining forehead. The underwear hung around his shoulders in folds.

They were alone in the house and I did not want to ask questions because it wasn't necessary. The younger boy ran to the window-sill and brought me a cast-iron lion with a slot in its head.

"This is my bank," he said, "give me some money."

"Don't give him anything," the sick boy said.

I put a coin into the lion but the kid shook it out skilfully and showed it to the girl, and he said, "I'm gonna buy candy."

They both started to run but the sick boy stopped them and asked to look at the coin and he said, "Buy a box of farina too." Then the other two ran away and he continued to look at me.

"What hurts?" I said.

"Nothing. I'm just sick."

"Why did you ask for farina?"

He brought out a few cardboard labels from under his pillow and he said, "If I collect five more of these I can join a club."

I looked at them and they were torn from a farina box and the club was Uncle Al's Farina Boys. My kid brother had a lot of buttons pinned on his cap and there was a yellow one which had those words on it but I had never known what they stood for.

"What do you do in that club?"

"You get a button and they read your name on the radio."

"Is that all?"

"No, you get a magazine."

"Who's Uncle Al?"

"He reads your name."

I put my hand to his forehead to see if he was running a temperature but it was cool and fragile.

"There's nothing wrong with me, I'm just sick," he said. He shuffled the cardboards and he wouldn't take his eyes from mine. "You gonna wait for my father?"

"No, I have to go now." I turned to go but I saw him stretch out his hand and I didn't know just why but apparently he wanted to shake hands with me. So I shook his hand and bent down and kissed his cheeks, which puzzled him greatly and puzzled me too after I left. It puzzled me so much that I walked in the wrong direction and had to take a trolley back to the railroad station.

I had a difficult time getting the New York number. Heller was on the desk and I could hear him shouting for minutes after he picked up the receiver.

"Hello, hello," he said, "Well?"

I told him. Forty men had been laid off for union organization and the other men made to do their work. There were kids of fourteen working on floors the inspector never entered. No sanitary or drinking facilities to speak of. Toilets leaked, lighting was bad.

"Go on," Heller said, "Get to the point."

Some of the men had been cut from twenty to twelve dollars. The office manager had got a girl pregnant. Fred Eaton had eight children, one sick in bed, and earned thirteen and a half dollars. The company has no statement to make at this time.

I asked for Schoen, the intelligent rewrite man.

"Schoen?" Heller said, "Schoen? I'll get you Schoen. Maybe you want Walter Winchell, too? I'll send a boy over to The Mirror. Here's Johnny, give him a lead on it and about fifteen lines."

I gave Johnny a lead and tried to think of fifteen lines. I made it twelve lines because my train was pulling in.

I got into the end car with a couple of well-dressed men. There wasn't anybody else in the car except two girls. I saw the men exchange glances and seat themselves opposite the girls, who were attractive, and attractively dressed in traveling outfits and an air of accessible gentility. I did not care to watch the drama unfold. I sat so I would not see them.

We went past great New Jersey industrial units. Sometimes there wasn't a residence or a tree or an animal in sight, just hills of slag and discarded machinery. We were running into a railroad yard near Perth Amboy when another train shot past us, going South. There was a long, shrieking whistle and our train came to a jerky stop. Raritan Bay was visible to the east, shiny in the declining sun and dotted with small craft. Something must have gone wrong in back of our car because several conductors walked swiftly under the windows.

We had been stalled about fifteen minutes before I took the trouble to open a window and see what was up. The conductors and a sizeable crowd were gathered along the tracks about a hundred yards back and people were running toward the spot from the beach and from the other cars. I got out too and ran, feeling for the folded-up copy paper in my pocket. The crowd was silent and helpless. They saw the paper and pencil in my hand and made way.

There were three of them but two had been injured, only, and carried away. The other boy was dead and lay with his head against the southbound track. One of the women had seen the whole thing and kept repeating the details, monotonously and with

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astounding calmness. She had seen all three, digging for clams, and kidded them about watching the squirts. All three, but she only knew the Jennings boy. She'd been on her way home and she saw both trains coming, clear as day, and she hollered too and maybe they heard, maybe they didn't, but they stepped out of the way of one plumb into the other, right straight into the other. They'd been digging clams for supper, see them clams scattered along the cinder.

I took down their names and nature of their injuries mechanically. The Jennings boy was dead. You wouldn't have thought it looking at him from one angle, it was necessary to see the back of his head. Most of the crowd was looking at the back of his head. They scarcely said anything and moved around stealing glances at each other. They seemed stupefied and callous although it might not have been callousness at all. After a while they were all gathered on the side where they could see the crushed skull. The woman who had seen it all repeated the details.

From where I stood the boy was just a pale and ragged child sleeping. He had the yellow button of Uncle Al's Farina Boys pinned to his shirt but there was nothing notable about that, every third boy carried it in those days. Instead of being large, his forehead was narrow and covered with moist strands of brown hair. There would have been no sense in shaking his hand or kissing his cheek.

I began walking away slowly but then I started running with the pencil and the paper in my hand. Faces from the windows asked me what happened but I ran until I got to the engine and both the engineer and the fireman were leaning out.

I said, "What's your name?"

"Thomas O'Flaherty," he said. "This is the first accident I had in eighteen years. I heard the other fellow's whistle, but I didn't even have a chance to blow mine. Those kids were right on top of me. I got kids of my own, why did God have to do this to me?"

I didn't take any of that down. A man came from the other side of the engine and said, "Sorry, Tom, you'll have to start now."

I saw the conductors getting on again. The thing to do then would have been to go around to the hospital and all three homes and ask questions and call the paper and ask for Schoen, the intelligent rewrite man. Heller would have slugged that for page one in the late edition but I thought let them pick it up from the wire service. I ran back to the car where I had left my hat. I thought let them pick it up from the goddam teletype. I felt winded sitting in my old seat and the pencil was still in my hand but some of the copy paper had dropped away and I crumpled the rest and threw it out of the window.

When Ireland Revolted

BRIAN O'NEILL

This Easter week marks the twentieth anniversary of the 1916 uprising in Dublin. The rising has more than an Irish interest; for it was the first people's revolt against the imperialist war of 1914-1918. Lenin was one of the few Socialist leaders outside of Ireland who understood its full significance. He hailed Easter week in Dublin as the beginning of the world crisis of imperialism and an indication that in the struggle of the workers for a Socialist world, the oppressed colonies would be their powerful allies.

The rising began on Easter Monday, April 24, when little more than 1,000 men, armed only with rifles and revolvers, took possession of strategic buildings in Dublin and set up an Irish republic free of British rule.

Three streams of Irish thought were personified in the leaders of the revolt. Padraic Pearse, a poet of rare quality, represented the cultural renaissance of Ireland that had taken such forms as the Gaelic League, the Abbey Theater which "went to the people" for its subjects, and the so-called "Celtic Twilight" school, led by W. B. Yeats, John M. Synge, etc.

Thomas Clarke represented the militant nationalism of the Irish bourgeois democrats, organized, after the defeat of the Fenians in 1867, into the Irish Republican Brotherhood; and James Connolly, greatest of Marxians writing in English at the time, represented the working class and revolutionary Socialism.

The rising lasted from Easter Monday to the Saturday following. For two days the insurgents were supreme, but then the British government poured 20,000 fully equipped troops into Dublin, whose tanks and heavy artillery did great damage and compelled the Irish leaders to surrender.

The imperialists took a savage vengeance. Connolly, Pearse, Clarke, Sean McDermott, Eamon Ceamot, the poets Joseph Plunkett and Thomas MacDonagh and eight other Irish leaders were court-martialed and shot; Roger Casement was hanged in London, over 2,000 others were tried and deported.

Defeated though it was, the rising opened a new phase in Ireland's revolutionary struggle for freedom. Brian O'Neill, a brilliant young Marxian of the new revolutionary generation in Ireland, has completed a study of the Easter revolt which is being published in Dublin this week. The following chapter from his book describes the military aspects of the revolt and analyzes the political factor that was perhaps the chief cause of its defeat.—THE EDITORS.

AT 9:30 on Tuesday morning Pearse wrote a statement to be issued in Irish War News, the little printed paper published from the General Post Office for the first and last time that afternoon. He wrote sanguinely.

"At the moment of writing the Republican forces hold their positions and the British forces nowhere have broken through. There has been heavy and continuous fighting for nearly twenty-four hours, the casualties of the enemy being much more numerous than those on the Republican side. The Republican forces everywhere are fighting with splendid gallantry. The populace of Dublin are plainly with the Republic, and the officers and men are everywhere cheered as they march through the streets."

Pearse was anticipating when he said there had been twenty-four hours of continuous fighting. As he wrote he could hear the chatter of machine guns mingling with the crack of rifles from the south of the city; the second day was beginning briskly.

The British forces had evolved a plan by Tuesday morning. In the darkness, at 3.45 a. m., a troop train arrived at Kingsbridge Station from the Curragh, and with it Brigadier-General W. H. M. Lowe, of the Reserve Cavalry Brigade, to take command. General Lowe had already large forces at his disposal:

2,300 men of the Dublin Garrison.

1,500 dismounted cavalry of the Curragh Mobile Column.

840 men of the 25th Irish Reserve Infantry Brigade.

A battery of four 18-pounders of the Royal Field Artillery from Athlone.

Lowe decided to break through to Trinity College, in College Green. A small garrison held Trinity for the Government; with his position strengthened there, and a clear line of communication established from Kingsbridge and the Castle he would be able to move up troops into the centre of the city and cut through the Republican network. The College dominated the whole centre of the city.

Small bodies of British troops got through during the night and took up position on the roofs of the Shelbourne Hotel and the United Services Club, overlooking the north side of Stephen's Green.

It had been a raw, cheerless night for Michael Mallin's men in the Green. Sentries stood at all the gates; the remainder had spent the night in the summer-house or in the trenches dug under the shrubbery.

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The original forty of the garrison had swollen to sixty—workers on their way home from factories and docks on Monday evening had walked into the Green to enlist. Some had never handled a rifle before. "Will ye look at the cut of himself!" chuckled the others as they looked at one of the new comrades. He was in a dress suit, coat tails sticking up and white shirt front pressing into the clay as he squinted along his barrel. A nearby hotel was looking for its waiter!

Just on dawn the storm broke. Bullets threshed the shrubbery and whipped the lake into ripples. The insurgents heard the rat-tat of a machine gun up above them on the roof of the Shelbourne Hotel, and Mallin drew back his outposts as three fell dead. The rifles blazed back, but could do little damage at such an angle.

Whether it had been intended to hold the Green permanently is disputed. If not, the wonder is that a night was spent in it, for a dozen snipers could rake the wide space from any of the tall buildings around and be secure from counter-fire. In any case, Mallin soon saw that the place was untenable and ordered its evacuation and the seizure of the College of Surgeons on the Green's west side.

By 7 a. m. the College of Surgeons, a grey, staunch building impregnable to anything but artillery, was in the hands of the Republicans.

Later in the day General Lowe decided to clear the way from the Castle to Trinity College, for the handful of insurgents in possession of the City Hall and the Daily Express building held the seat of the Government in fee—a shocking position—and made it impossible for the British reinforcements to pass along Dame Street in large bodies.

A detachment of the 5th Royal Dublin Fusiliers was ordered to take the two Republican posts. The City Hall was cleared first, and a bombing party shook the Express building with their hand grenades. But the return fire was heavy, and a bayonet charge was ordered. Covered by machine guns, the Fusiliers advanced and burst into the building. There was fierce hand-to-hand fighting on the stairs, then the weight of numbers succeeded. "The dead bodies of 26 rebels were then found on the premises."

A glance at the map of Dublin shows the importance of this victory. General Sir John Maxwell was justified in reporting: "It divided the rebel forces into two, gave a safe line of advance for troops extending operations to the north or south, and permitted communication by dispatch rider with some of the Commands."

But the full importance of this British success was not seen yet, and at all other points the advantage lay with the Irish. Michael Mallin's retreat to the College of Surgeons had strengthened his position. In the Boland's Mill area Eamonn de Valera's men were displaying splendid resource and mobility, and completely dominated the situation. The Four Courts and Jacob's Factory were almost unassailed. An uneasy lodgement had been effected by the 3rd Royal Irish Regiment in the South Dublin Union, but the losses had been heavy—Major Warmington, the commanding officer, and his second in command were both among the fallen—and on the Tuesday evening the British decided to withdraw.

DEATH ON THE BARRICADES *A. Rethel,* 1848

At the Republican headquarters in the G.P.O. hopes were high as Tuesday closed. Reports of risings in the countryside filtered through into the city; if only the country had not been stampeded by Eoin MacNeill's order and would draw away some of the weight of the British forces from Dublin. . . .

And James Connolly's mastery of military detail was hearteningly impressive to the insurgents. The Socialist writer and agitator was proving himself the most outstanding man of the Rising. No outpost was too small to receive a note of guidance and encouragement. One such note, sent out on Tuesday, was found by the British later:

Army of the Irish Republic,
(Dublin Command)
Date, 25th April, 1916.

Headquarters,
To the Officer in Charge, Reis and D.B.C.

The main purpose of your post is to protect our wireless station. Its secondary purpose is to observe Lower Abbey Street and Lower O'Connell Street. Commandeer in the D.B.C. whatever food and utensils you require. Make sure of a plentiful supply of water wherever your men are. Break all glass in the windows of the rooms occupied by you for fighting purposes. Establish a connection between your forces in the D.B.C. and in Reis' building. Be sure that the stairway leading immediately to your rooms is well barricaded. We have a post in the house at the corner of Bachelor's Walk, in the Hotel Metropole, in the Imperial Hotel, in the General Post Office. The directions from which you are likely to be attacked are from the Custom House, or from the far side of the river, from D'Olier Street, or Westmoreland Street. We believe there is a sniper in McBirney's on the far side of the river.

James Connolly,
Commandant-General.

Such attention to military details was invaluable. But it is a pity that Connolly himself should have been overwhelmed by the military technicalities of the fight. He was the man of the Republican leaders who could have seen that an insurrection has two sides: it is a military operation; it is also a political struggle. Against the overwhelming military might of the enemy the insurgents should have brought only one weapon; mass support. "If only the people had come out with knives and forks," de Valera is reported to have said in the last hours of the struggle, and the exclamation summed up the chief weakness of the revolutionary side.

Writers have drawn attention to the defects in the military plans for the Rising, but no weakness or false step was as disastrous as the insurgents' chief omission. From midday on Monday until early Tuesday Dublin was in the hands of the revolution. But no printing plant was seized, except the Daily Express offices, and here *the printers were turned out of the building at the point of the bayonet.*

Had every available printing plant been employed through Monday night in running off revolutionary newspapers, manifestoes, leaflets in thousands, Dublin on Tuesday would have rung with the call to the struggle and a substantial reinforcement would have been assured even if it were too much to expect the whole city to rise. The recruits who at all points on Tuesday were slipping through the British cordons to join the various revolutionary commands were an indication of the response a broadcast appeal might have secured.

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Our Readers' Forum

More about Brisbane

Mr. Dale Kramer may be relieved to know that Arthur Brisbane has not been so grossly indifferent to posterity as he believed. In 1923, Dr. Brisbane did "collect himself into a book" called *The Book of To-day* and published by the International Magazine Company.

Of course, that was before Dr. Brisbane had so closely identified himself with gorillas so, naturally, many of the philosopher's late profundities are absent. Nevertheless the book contains such immortal pearls of wisdom as: "The fence around a cemetery is foolish because those inside can't get out, and those outside don't want to get in." "The man is dull minded who doubts that the great power of Law and Justice that rules this universe and maintains in perpetual equilibrium and warm sunlight our little planet has failed to plan for the fullest development of the spark of cosmic consciousness called soul, which is in each of us the mainspring." "There are only two classes of human beings in the world—the useful and the useless." "Fortunately, the wisdom of Providence keeps the great majority of men poor and usefully busy."

The little volume is chock full of priceless gems like those. If a fascist book burning is ever performed in this country, Dr. Brisbane may rest assured that his work will escape the flames.

HERMAN E. KRIMMEL.

From Jacob Burck

The Soviet Union is abuzz today with discussions of art. While capitalist countries are seeing spectres and shaking with uncertainty of the future, the U. S. S. R.'s prime worry, it seems, is what form its culture should take. This question has almost overshadowed the question of war, and for the moment has pushed even Stakhanovism into second place of interest; culture has become the first order of business in the land of socialism. . . .

The Soviet workers have long been dissatisfied with Soviet art. Their phenomenal respect for culture has made them tolerate nearly every art form at one time or another, from cubism down to the rankest naturalism. Has there ever been a time in history when an industrialized nation of this size has devoted itself in a body to the development of its culture? That great art will grow out of such conditions can hardly be doubted. No artist of any time has ever had such backing and such an audience. It is only a question of time when the Soviets will take first place in this field too, as they have in many branches of industry and agriculture.

The Pravda, official organ of the Communist Party of the U. S. S. R., sounded the initial bugle blast in this most recent revolution too, as it had consistently done since the first October in all the tasks confronting the country. The series of articles it recently published on music, literature, architecture and painting has started the whole country seething with art questions, and not only are the artists talking about it, but workers are becoming acquainted with art terms, such as "formalism," "naturalism" and "socialist realism." No longer are the problems of art the sole concern of special sects. The worker's voice is steadily rising above the hum of the discussion. In clear notes the workers of the Stalingrad Auto Plant demanded in a resolution to the government, "art that lives and inspires" them, "not the painted photographs" which have threatened to dominate Soviet art.

Every art form has had its chance to prove itself here and failed. Marxism is founded on reality. Socialist reality is now the life of the Soviet Union where Marxism is triumphant. The artist is called upon to root himself in this reality and produce. Every opportunity to do so is given him. Encouragement, financial security and stupendous rewards for accomplishment, both social honor and monetary remuneration.

SMASH THE SEDITION BILLS!

The Tydings-McCormack bill would make it a crime to criticize militarism; the Russell-Kramer bill would prevent anyone from expressing any opinion distasteful to America's fascists. Help smash these sedition bills. Send your protests to THE NEW MASSES *and we will forward them to Washington.*

The twin art forms developed by bourgeois society —"formalism" and "naturalism"—are being hunted down, defined, and put on trial with the zeal with which former saboteurs were liquidated. Every group discussing art problems is a court, and in the prisoner's dock are "formalism" and its somewhat older bourgeois brother, "naturalism." This is the means by which "socialist realism" in art is being brought about.

This movement, like everything else Soviet, is being maligned and slandered in the capitalist world. The Stakhanov movement is called "speed up." . . . The Shostakovitch incident is "suppression" etc. No Soviet worker is forced against his will to become a Stakhanovite, and neither is Shostakovitch washing dishes to make a living. The absurdity of such interpretations given by the N. Y. Times and other journals almost defies credence at this close view, were it not for their physical existence on the desk on which I write. The eagerness with which these capitalist rags try to identify Soviet development with fascist retrogression merely betrays a wish fulfillment that socialism is decadent. This "decadence" strangely enough brings happiness and a desire to live in the vast masses of a people.

The battle to express happiness and life in art form is raging in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, now entered upon its socialist epoch of development. "Formalism," that rarefied attitude toward life, and "naturalism," the supreme expression of vulgar bourgeois materialism, is being washed off the body of Soviet art which has had to pass through the mire of capitalist culture on its way to socialism. Socialist art will begin to look like itself soon—something beautiful and unique in history.

JACOB BURCK.

May Day for Dentists

When the scores of thousands in New York City demonstrate against war and fascism in this year's giant May Day demonstration, an unexpected delegation will appear in their midst: a group of dentists. There has been such an interest in this that a number of dentists have formed a sponsoring committee. A "mobilization meeting" will be held April 22, 9 p. m., at 40 East 7th Street.

SPONSORING COMMITTEE.

I.L.D. Quilting Party

A group of housewives in Santa Cruz, California, experts in piecing and quilting handworked quilts in the early American tradition, spend several afternoons a week together doing this work, and all money received for the sale of quilts is sent to the International Labor Defense for aid to political and labor prisoners.

They will take orders for these fine household pieces in any size, pattern and color scheme. Information can be had from, and orders placed with, the Northern California district office of the I.L.D., Room 410, 1005 Market Street, San Francisco.

MADELINE CRAIG.

San Francisco, Calif.

Vulgarity?

There *is* something in what your correspondent, Mrs. W. W. Wallace, says in the March issue of the readers' forum. THE NEW MASSES does astonish by its occasional vulgarity.

By all means let us have vulgarity! But let it be broad, deep-toned vulgarity. The magazine which prints such poems as MacLeish's "The German Girls. . . . The German Girls"; articles like Fielding Burke's "Pelzer — Another One of Those Damned Strike Towns"; a short story like the recent one about the Cuban father and his small son, with its terrible human dignity and sorrow; lithographs like those of Orozco; or gives space to a vision such as Frank's, in his recent homage to Romain Rolland—such a magazine ought to be discriminating enough to know what vulgarity is the note of the folk, and what a libel. "Finky Frances" is the way that our adversaries write of our anger.

J. R. BROUSSEAU.

Ridgefield, N. J.

The Spivak Articles

Allow a regular reader of THE NEW MASSES to say that Mrs. W. W. Wallace's letter is decidedly unfair. Admitting that her criticism is 100 percent correct, I have figured out that if the Spivak articles are worth a million dollars—there is still the difference of $4.50 and that million to the credit of THE NEW MASSES. Need I point out that one way of meeting the obligation of that credit is to renew her subscription at once? As for the future there will surely be other Spivak articles!

H. H. HORWITZ.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Marxism and Floods

The article by Bruce Minton on the recent floods in Pittsburgh showed that these disasters are rooted in our anarchistically irresponsible social order. That Marxists have long ago recognized this is shown by the following quotation from Engels' *Dialectics of Nature,* written a half century ago.

"When a factory owner or merchant sells the commodity he has made or purchased at his usual profit then he is quite satisfied and uninterested in what happens to this commodity later or to the person who bought it. The same applies to the physical results of these actions. The Spanish planter in Cuba did not care when he burned the forest on the mountain slopes and obtained from the ashes enough fertilizer for a whole generation for his very profitable coffee trees; he did not care whether or not the *tropical downpours would then wash away the defenseless upper layer of soil and leave behind it only naked rocks.* In our present method of production (the capitalist) only the first tangible successes are ever considered in regard either to Nature or society. . . ."

San Francisco, Calif. DAVID ELDRIDGE.

Aid for Vermont

New Masses readers who have helped the strike of the Vermont Marble workers will be interested in hearing that the United Committee has opened headquarters in New York at 7 West 14th Street. The funds contributed should be addressed to the new treasurer of the organization, Sampson Woods.

PERCY SHOSTAC, *Chairman.*

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Writing and Writers

WRITERS are a middle-class group. There are comparatively few not in the middle classes, either by origin or circumstance. James Branch Cabell belongs to an aristocratic Southern family, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. belongs to an aristocratic Northern family. (I can't think at the moment of any other upper-class writers.) But neither Mr. Cabell's nor Mr. Vanderbilt's ghosts will, it seems to me, endure in literary history. Nor are there many writers identifiable with the proletariat. Of those who have had that class origin most have become middle class by habit, company and circumstance; and the bulk of their experience has been within that range of the social landscape.

The problems of the writer are similar to the general problems of the middle-class professional—shrinking income, and frustration of function. Inasmuch as the adjective "penniless" is traditionally associated with the noun writer there is no need to deal with the economic issue except in its specialized aspects; and I propose to spend most time on the question of frustration of function, since it is generally assumed that by various sacrifices the writer does manage to accomplish a degree of self fulfilment, something which has placed him in an isolated and mythical position in capitalist society.

It has been pretty generally established that the professional, whether or not he prospers in other ways, is frustrated in his professional functions. The architect, because of capitalist ground rents, cannot put up a good building even for millionaires; the engineer cannot build bridges or tunnels where they belong or as they should be built because real-estate interests and not he, pick the sites, and graft-paying contractors, not he, decide on the structural materials; teachers must teach what politicians and stuffed-shirt trustees dictate; scientists cannot complete their work because the social applications necessary for their fulfilment are prevented or obstructed; in the medical profession as a whole every group has its function perverted, in some fashion, by the inequalities of the system. (The medical attendance concentrated around the birth of the "Woolworth heir" could have served fifty women at a time when hundreds of thousands of working-class mothers could command no medical attention whatever. De Kruif's new book is a horrified denunciation of this and other medical horrors.)

But no professional can be said to be so frustrated in his function as the writer. Only a negligible number of writers succeed in earning their living by creative work. Even that fortunate handful generally arrives at this blessed state usually after years of hardship. Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis, for instance, were middle aged before their books began to provide them an assured income. The rest reach a pitifully small and indifferent audience with their own creative writing and make their living pounding out lies, verbal narcotics, inanities, at newspaper, ad-agency, publicity or radio-continuity desks, doing writing that is mercifully anonymous but that nevertheless thoroughly and painfully violates their whole aesthetic organism.

Such creative writing as the writer manages to do at night or on self-financed Sabbatical leaves is influenced one way or another by this situation. Some, taking leave of conscience, set out deliberately to be successful and deliberately and systematically abandon aesthetic principles. They produce vulgarized work, far beneath their capacities. The sacrifice is usually a futile one. Even bad books sell poorly. Each dreams of becoming a wealthy and influential literary courtesan on whom the big editors will call by appointment; but one ends as an ordinary literary prostitute. Another becomes an "occasional" prostitute. He alternates pulp writing with office work hoping some day to put on a make-up that will attract and dazzle Mr. George Horace Lorimer. The first descend altogether into the class of honest full-time prostitutes, the regular pulp hacks who have stopped day-dreaming even about The Saturday Evening Post, having no time for such luxuries, with rates dropping to one-quarter of a cent a word, imposing a twelve to sixteen hour day in their furnished room sweatshops for a day's income equal to that of the lower paid categories of skilled labor.

On those writers who remain "pure" the influence of their situation is different. Despairing of reaching a mass audience they write for the supposed, but as they eventually discover non-existent, audience of the exclusive and culturally advanced few. A recent symposium on the question "Whom Do You Write For?" elicited a surprising number of replies such as "I write for myself," "I write for those who take trouble," etc. An abnormal notion like that of writing for oneself is the outcome of the abnormal situation, in which a writer is virtually barred from access to the mass public by the fact that the ownership of the literary industry is in the hands of profiteers like Hearst, Macfadden and others. Here is frustration of function at its peak, for the writer without the capacity to communicate is as dead as a wire without current. The result was the obscurity, introversion, eccentricity that characterized so much of the "serious" writing as opposed to the "light" writing in the period before the swing to the Left.

One natural characteristic of the writer developing out of this situation was that he was "agin everything." It has been his natural state for so long that it has come to be accepted as part of the makeup of a writer. The "practical," i.e. the capitalist world, was supposed to be so inimical to him that even the Philistines accepted it as natural and

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right that authors should lament, curse, rail at, and satirize society. This has had a peculiar consequence. When writers began to be conscious of the permanent nature of the capitalist crisis and to organize and consolidate their previous vague and individual opposition to capitalism, they were at once attacked as "conformists" and as "artists in uniform." Having at last found a ground on which their social criticism could be positive they were attacked as having surrendered their functions as social critics.

The leftward turn of writers was as inevitable as the leftward turn of the proletariat. Writers, because of the situation described, have always been revolutionary. As long as this revolution took fantastic, amusing and anarchical personal turns the bourgeoisie applauded; they even laughed at jokes against themselves, allowing the writer the liberties of a court jester. But as soon as writers began to turn their revolutionary expression into something organized and realistic, as soon as they merged it with the general movement for social and political revolution then they met with a different reception.

But the writer had no other course once he realized that his ends could be achieved only through a drastic social reconstruction. As writers they have not even received a bare living under capitalism. Access to the public was barred to the majority of them except on terms that meant their death as writers. The myth of a small cultured audience which they tried, desperately, to assemble and hold together by means of aesthetic "little" magazines has long ago been exploded. In no group is disillusion so complete and profound as among writers. In turning "Left" and giving up bourgeois careers most of these writers realize that they have taken leave of a shadow. Actually there is more to anticipate in the developing culture of the revolutionary movement rising up in the gilt plaster debris of the collapsing capitalist culture. They may have a long wait for financial returns. But they may expect at once an animate audience and one that is rapidly growing in numbers. And they realize that their creative work in this medium has an additionally creative element. It is participation in the one action that can create a society in which they can live as writers and as human beings, in which they can fulfil themselves functionally and economically.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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M-DAY, The Day America Mobilizes for War, by Rose M. Stein. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.

MANY people are vitally interested in the revealing war data produced by the Senate Munitions investigations. Most of them, especially those active in the fight against war, have not the time to read or even glance at the nearly thirty volumes of testimony and special reports thus far issued by Senator Nye and his committee associates. For this reason they will find the various factual summaries and numerous quotations from the Nye reports published in *M-Day* exceedingly useful. In addition, utilization of such material as the Graham and War Policies Commission reports help to make Miss Stein's book valuable to those in need of factual material in the terrifically important fight against war.

The sixteen-year-old War Department Industrial Plan, "with its stringent controls over labor and public opinion," is characterized by Miss Stein as "one of the most colossal and audacious fascist plans yet tried." This is the background against which American capitalism is shown to be inferior to none in greed, cruelty and fascist potentialities. Yet Miss Stein treats Capital, Labor and the Government as if the last named existed in a vacuum, despite her staggering array of evidence to the contrary showing the interweaving of corporation and government figures. But, willy-nilly, the mountain of facts taken from the Nye reports provides a graphic illustration of the class-nature of government.

The title is well chosen. For *M-Day* symbolizes the precise moment when the present gargantuan military-industrial machine will go into action against the American people—for slaughter at the front and terror in the rear.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company stands for war preparations. Where does the du Pont organization end and the War Department begin? One of the letters found in the du Pont files shows how close the relationship is. "Very good progress is being made in the effort to secure support for our interests at the coming national meeting of the American Legion. General C. C. Williams, Chief of Ordnance of the Army, has agreed to introduce a resolution and to speak in support of it. Several other Army officers who have already figured actively in the effort to build up a chemical industry will support him in his efforts." While a member of the War Cabinet, General Williams, according to official War Department records cited by Miss Stein, was a stockholder in the Pan American Petroleum Co., the Royal Dutch Petroleum Co., Southern Pacific R. R., U. S. Steel Corp., Alaska Gold Mines and the Mexican Petroleum Co. He continued his work for du Pont as N.R.A. Administrator in charge of the chemical code. Indeed, from the war preparations point of view, du Pont *is* the War Department. The significance of such a situation is apparent when one realizes that the militarists and industrialists who supervise the Industrial Mobilization Plan of the War Department are virtually gearing an entire economy to war ends.

M-Day provides magnificent material for the anti-war fighter. The Navy Department as strike-breaker; the N.R.A. as the projection of the old War Industries Board; the admitted plans of industry and the War Department to smash the labor unions and dispatch bothersome labor leaders to the front lines; the tremendous war profits and the near impossibility of controlling them; the leading role played by the Morgans in precipitating this country into the World War; the training by the Commerce Department of Nanking aviators for action against nearly 100,000,000 people of Soviet China; guaranteed war profits in the next war; the Government as super-salesman for the armament concerns; the patriotism of the rulers of America— "The manufacturers must have reasonable profits in order to do their duty," said Judge Gary, the wartime president of U. S. Steel Coropration; the war role of Samuel Gompers and other reactionary labor bureaucrats. All this and more in the record reproduced in *M-Day* show conclusively that the war machine is being erected with forethought, with care and with premeditated terrorism.

It is unfortunate that Miss Stein's chapter, "Taking Profits Out of War," is weak and quite superficial because of the actual war use to which the Roosevelt Administration and big business are putting this deceptive slogan. She fails to point out, for instance, the difference between the admitted conception of this slogan held by William Green, Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and the War Department —guaranteed "normal" profits in wartime— and the conception of actual conscription of wealth advanced by the rank and file of war veterans from whose ranks the slogan emanated. In summarizing the attitude the War Policies Commission took on this issue, Miss Stein states that "nothing vital happened." On the contrary, several "vital" things did happen. The War Policies Commission took pains to declare, in its report to Congress, that it was firmly opposed to drafting property in wartime. The Commission took this position despite instructions to consider amending the constitution so that property, like life, could be drafted. In addition, the War Policies Commission actually became a war planning body. And today, the Roosevelt Administration, continuing the line of the War Policies Commission, which functioned during the Hoover regime, actually is using the "take the profits out of

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war" slogan as a demagogic screen behind which to rear an unprecedented peacetime war machine.

In the light of these facts and others adduced by Miss Stein, one is justified in regarding her statement that war is "a madman's game" as oversimplification. Madness it is—but there's method to it. For though, as Miss Stein states, it arises inherently from an "economic structure which is so constituted that it cannot function without war," it has been developed into a highly skilful pursuit. Miss Stein would have done well to have developed this thought by showing, much more than she has, the close connection between fascism and war.

She could have used public documents to demonstrate that the people behind the industrial-government war machines are the very ones who are attempting to smash trade unionism and civil rights. She could have shown how the Roosevelt Administration, retreating before the constant attack from Hearst, from the Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers, formulates and sponsors such fascist measures as the Tydings-McCormack and Russell-Kramer bills, both of which, if enacted, will be used to stifle freedom of speech and crush the trade unions.

When Miss Stein ventures into the realm of foreign affairs, especially in dealing with the Soviet Union, she leaves fact and quotation to present what is clearly an anti-Soviet position. Therein she serves not the peace desires of the masses and the organized peace movements but the war designs of the present chief instigators of war. Her conclusion poses before the "radical parties and the labor groups which support them" the false choice of "saving socialism in Russia" or saving "the remnants of democracy in their own country." She also joins the chorus of Soviet detractors in declaring the Franco-Soviet pact "a military alliance" without any qualification whatsoever. That the fight in this country, in England and France for the preservation of democratic liberties is necessarily a fight against war and therefore connected directly with the fight against war being waged by the Soviet Union, is something which Miss Stein chose not to see. That the Franco-Soviet pact provides for mutual assistance only in the event of aggression from a third European power is a fact which the author of *M-Day* does not care to mention. And certainly it does not occur to her to state that the Soviet Union—the Socialist State—is the only power that is not an imperialist power and hence that the policy of military aggression is alien to its nature.

Miss Stein is insidiously venomous towards the Soviet Union. Her method is twofold. She joins the reactionary leaders of the British Labor Party in echoing Hitler and Herr Goebbels on the colonies and war issues—ostensibly as a means of avoiding war through appeasing Hitler on Hitler's terms:

> An alternative to war for the attainment of these needs might be the recognition by the stated powers of the other group's needs and the peaceable granting of concessions sufficient to satisfy their immediate wants and to placate their whetted appetite for conquest. This alternative has found expression in recent suggestions that what is needed to secure world peace is a redistribution of colonial territory and raw materials on the basis of national need. . . .

At the same time, Miss Stein fails to make any mention whatsoever of the Soviet peace policy although she devotes a section of her book to a discussion of "Forces That Are Postponing War." Such an omission of the most powerful single force for peace on the part of one who comes forward as an expert on foreign and military affairs certainly cannot be interpreted otherwise than as sheerly deliberate. And as to Litvinov, well—Miss Stein has never heard of him. But she has heard of the Soviet-hating Trotsky and the fascist G. Sylvester Viereck, both of whom are listed among the authorities in her "Selected Bibliography."

"In theory," writes Miss Stein, "the suggestion" of placating Hitler's "whetted appetite for conquest" "has been widely applauded by world liberal opinion." To this one can only say that our author reckons without the organized liberal opinion identified with such wide popular anti-war and anti-fascist movements as the People's Fronts in Spain and France and the independent mass movements for peace in the United States and throughout the capitalist world.

Following the line of those who would fasten the false label of "Red imperialism" on the Soviet Union, Miss Stein, in essence, presents the Soviet foreign policy as the present counterpart of the foreign policy of the czars. "Germany," she tells us, "will have to fight virtually the same alliance as she fought in 1914-1918." In Goebbels fashion she declares that there is a "very inexorable need of Germany to fight Russia." And, masters of capitalism, beware, for "a defeat of Nazism in Germany, according to all present indications, must lead to Communism." What is our author doing? She is presenting a war of aggression on the part of Nazi Germany against the Soviet Union as an "inexorable need," that is, as an historical necessity. What is this but cutting the ground from under the struggle against Nazi militarism? Secondly, by placing the issue in this way she superimposes Hitler's *Drang nach Osten* upon the aspirations of the German people as a whole and virtually identifies and harmonizes the tyrannical dictatorship of Nazism with the interests of the German masses.

This is not a stray remark. It reflects Miss Stein's whole approach to Nazism. It is this approach that serves as the basis for her warning the democratic nations of capitalism that they might perhaps be better off in an alliance with fascism than with Communism. What else are we to believe from the following?

> If war comes, the nations fighting on the same side as Russia will have to let down on red-baiting as much for the sake of their own morale as for the morale of Russia the ally. In that case the capitalist nations so aligned must ask themselves this question: Can capitalism without the antidote of anti-radical propaganda escape the influence of communist ideas which inevitably, and without necessarily deliberate effort, will seep through by way of contact between officers and men? If it cannot, then *is not capitalism in greater ultimate danger from a communist ally than a fascist enemy?* [Italics mine.—S. W.]

It is difficult to reconcile Miss Stein's approach to the war danger with her publisher's blurb which tells us that she "had an unexampled opportunity to study the facts, documents, records." It is regrettable that she did not make the best use of her time—certainly not so far as the interests of peace are concerned.

In conclusion, we can only recommend as a healthy peace antidote to *M-Day* a reading of Maxim Litvinov's recent London reply to the latest Hitler war moves.

SEYMOUR WALDMAN.

Bourbon Radical

REACTIONARY ESSAYS ON POETRY AND IDEAS, by Allen Tate. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE title of this book announces Mr. Tate as a critic with a program. The program is "reaction." "Reaction," says Mr. Tate, "is the most radical of programs; it aims at cutting away the overgrowth and getting back to the roots. A forward-looking radicalism is a contradiction; it aims at rearranging the foliage."

That Mr. Tate means a return to the old forms of society is certain, supported as it is by the essays throughout. "Overgrowth" correspondingly would mean the present and possible future forms of society. But to stick to the metaphor if there is any meaning at all in the idea of roots, or any purpose in the pruning away of overgrowth, it is precisely that of encouraging healthier growths, fuller foliage and better fruit. Hence a return to the roots should be forward-looking. If it is exactly a return to the roots and nothing more, what Mr. Tate advocates is not radicalism, but, quite simply, regression.

One aspect of this regression tendency can be seen in his discussion of "Three Types of Poetry." The avowed purpose of this essay is to decry the "heresy" preached by the "school preoccupied with what is called the economic determinism of literature." The "heresy" consists in the preoccupation of poetry with politics and the conception of it as an instrument of the political will. According to Tate's conception the two should

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be mutually exclusive. He develops a very interesting theory which places this "school" as the third stage in the history of allegory in Western culture. Allegory, he says, is a manifestation of the "practical will" which conceives of poetry in terms of its social uses and effects. It is this "practical [scientific] will" in all its forms, whether religious, political, or artistic, which is the target of Mr. Tate's attack. With this as a common denominator he identifies in a series of very dangerous and confusing equations, proletarian poetry, medieval allegory, pure science, positive Platonism, romantic irony and romanticism. All this with very little, or no qualification.

But if one untangles this confusion, there still exists a contradiction implicit in Tate's position which illustrates the regressive tendency. It is this: that while decrying the "heresy" of poetry partaking in politics, or any other activity of the "practical will," he still recognizes the poet's need for "self-contained, objective systems of truths," for a society which would be subject to and ordered by, such systems. He further recognizes that "the only technique for the realization of values" is the "religious unity of intellect and emotion." But surely such systems are products of the "practical will." May not, then, politics and economic determinism in particular, constitute a means toward such a system for the ordering of society? If Tate condemns it, why should he not equally condemn all the great systems of the past, whether religious or political, for the like sin of the "practical will"? And why should he call for any ordering of life at all, since it would have to be practical and volitional . . . a "forward-looking radicalism"?

Yet Tate is looking for some such order in life. He recognizes that the profession of letters is strangled by the "cash nexus" between writer and society and further that this situation is a result of "finance-capitalism." He says, in short, that there can be no profession of letters until the important writers can become an "independent class." But he offers no means to this end; and the only movement which could possibly create a society in which the artist would have such security he discards as "neo-Communism . . . the new political mania . . . in which the writer is to be dominated by capitalism." He thus places himself in the contradictory position of recognizing that the ills of literature are deeply involved with the economic order and that the only means to remedy this must be political; and yet still condemns such means as a betrayal of the arts. What, then, is his solution? We find it in the essay called "Religion in the Old South."

The question asked in this essay is "How can the American, or Southern man take hold of tradition" and what tradition is there to take hold of? To discover such a tradition Mr. Tate turns back to the roots to consider the society of the South before the Civil War and finds it sadly lacking in fulfilment of organized cultural values though rich in possibilities. His conclusion is that if the South had "possessed a sufficient faith in her own kind of God" she would not have been defeated; and hence, we assume, would have realized her potentialities. Here the question is again asked "How may the Southerner take hold of his tradition?" It is significant that this time the American is not included. Mr. Tate's answer is: "by violence." He says "The Southerner is faced with this paradox: he must use an instrument which is political and so unrealistic and pretentious that he cannot believe in it, to re-establish a private, self-contained and essentially spiritual life." This idea was a large part of the ideological program which produced Naziism.

This is the essence of Mr. Tate's regression. He wishes to return to the society of the old South and seems to envision it as completely withdrawn and independent of the world in which it exists. He knows that this is impossible, for "international conditions . . . have made it impossible for any community . . . to remain spiritually isolated and to develop its genius unless that genius is in harmony with the religious and economic drift of civilization at large." That Mr. Tate can advocate such a program after thus explicitly recognizing its impossibility is token of the dream quality typical of regressive fantasies.

Mr. Tate himself points out the weakness which has led him into such a contradiction: "The Southern man of letters cannot permit himself to look upon the old system from a purely social point of view, or from the economic view: to him it must seem better than the system that destroyed it, better, too, than any system with which the modern planners, Marxian or other color, wish to replace the present order."

I think this makes it conclusively clear that Mr. Tate's return to the roots is emotional nostalgia for a society which never existed outside the romantic imagination. Let us hope that he will see not only the personal danger in such a course, but even more the social peril involved in advocating a program which confesses such a close spiritual kinship with that of Nazi Germany.

Mr. Tate has often demonstrated that he has a fine critical intelligence; but he has yet to prove that it is not becoming the victim of his emotions.

PHILIP HORTON.

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Friendly—and Unfriendly—Voices

NO FRIENDLY VOICE, by Robert Maynard Hutchins. University of Chicago Press. $2.
EDUCATION AND ORGANIZED INTERESTS, by Bruce Raup. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.
EDUCATION AND THE SOCIAL CONFLICT, by Howard David Langford. Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE life of a college president, if he happens to be a man of talent and imagination, is likely to be an unhappy one. That is peculiarly true in an hour when Trustees, Legionnaires, and all the mouthpieces of the status quo are reasserting their control over the educational system. Robert Maynard Hutchins, youthful, capable head of the University of Chicago, is the supreme example of the plight of his calling. He is talented. He expresses original, often noteworthy ideas on educational policy. And he is president of a heavily endowed university whose structural expansion is dependent upon the friendship of those who can afford to contribute to education — and who expect stolid, orthodox citizens in return for their investments. In *No Friendly Voice*, a collection of Dr. Hutchins' essays and speeches, all these contradictions are plainly revealed. When he rises to defend educational freedom—"the value of encouraging intelligent, calm and dispassionate inquiry into bringing order out of chaos"—he is expressing the concern of a progressive academician. Contrast this and more forthright passages on the right to think, with such wistful pandering as:

> **The American system is one which offers great incentive to initiative. It is based on the notion of individual enterprise. The path to leadership is open to anybody no matter how humble his beginnings.**

Or his vision of a Board of Trustees:

> **A Board of Trustees is a body of public-spirited citizens who believe in the aims of the professors, namely, the development of education and the advancement of knowledge. . . .**

Dr. Hutchins pays spirited tribute to the "pursuit of truth." Nowhere does he plainly suggest that it is hampered and stifled today because truth may be on the side of basic social change. One feels that he views the conflict as between men of good and bad will, or between the "intellectuals" and the anti-intellectuals, or between the scholarly and the vulgar. Is this reticence to name names merely "good strategy"? Was his flight from the red-baiters last Spring—when he "answered" their attacks by "proving" that Chicago turns out its quota of 100 per-cent Americans — also "strategy"? It is fitting to remind Dr. Hutchins of his own warning:

> **Timidity thus engendered turns into habit and the "stuffed shirt" becomes one of the characteristic figures of the age.**

In *Education and Organized Interests* the extent of Dr. Hutchins' dilemma—and that of any avowedly progressive mind in the university system—is dramatically revealed. What Professor Raup has done, on an impressively comprehensive scale, is to compile the views and techniques of America's numberless pressure groups as they bear upon the schools. All the familiar charlatans, disguised in patriotic verbiage, are recorded here, together with those liberal and radical blocs which have mobilized to resist them in many spheres. Although Professor Raup's sympathies clearly rest with the insurgent forces in education, the book's value is often dimmed by a ponderous scholarliness; it is regrettable, too, that he did not explore the financial inspiration of many of our most patriotic agencies. Despite these shortcomings, one sharp impression emerges: the intensity and bitterness of the social conflict raging around us and being carried on in almost every sector. These "organized interests" are representatives of economic agencies: their clashes are symptomatic of a basic cleavage. And the school, because it is the training ground for millions of young people, is inevitably a focus for their efforts. So exhaustive a compilation renders almost ludicrous much of Dr. Hutchins' wistfulness. It demonstrates the precariousness of an abstract, almost timeless approach to the issue of academic freedom. Freedom for whom? To do what? And who are the real enemies of liberty? Professor Raup's position is essentially one of a general outline for social change with a determination to make pragmatic decisions about specific problems as they arise. I am surprised that he seems to believe this is in marked contradiction to the view of "the extreme left"; his conviction that they have a blue-print for every situation causes him to fight several windmills.

Education and the Social Conflict represents a positive integration of Professor Raup's survey. It is an important contribution and the fact of its publication by so conservative a group as Kappa Delta Phi, an educational society, is equally noteworthy. Dr. Langford has written a Marxist statement of the crisis confronting education, both in its intellectual repression and in its curtailment of the educational plant. Citing the roots of this condition in the economic collapse of present day society, he calls for that kind of social transformation which will unleash the energies of a confined educational order, provide abundant educational opportunity for the great bodies of people and set in motion those creative impulses now checked by capitalism. There is valuable ammunition in this book. There is critical analysis and a constructive program, unfettered by a desire to appease our overlords. At a time when the educational world is in real ferment, needing guidance and direction, it should serve a real function. Because the interest in such a book will be widespread, it is unfortunate that Dr. Langford's work is replete with clichés which tend to denote oversimplification. His writing will open him to attack from those who dread his analysis. I cannot help feeling that the warm, fluent, persuasive writing of Dr. Hutchins belongs in *Education and the Social Conflict*. Certainly, for example, his emphasis on tolerance and scholarship should not be neglected by those who would fashion a socialist society. They should proclaim these as the virtues they are—and distinguish lip-service to them from genuine, planned devotion. JAMES WECHSLER.

Renaissance Man

WHERE SHAKESPEARE STOOD, by Donald Morrow. Casanova Press. $1.

THAT Shakespeare has yet to be evaluated in Marxian terms is no less true than that the premise of this study is undeniable. Shakespeare was, certainly, "with the movement forward." Living in an England where the social struggle was between the old feudal order and the new rising merchant class, he took the road of progress —with the merchants. And since Protestantism was a cause allied to that of the men of commerce, his point of view was anti-Catholic as well as anti-feudal. These facts are familiar to the student of Shakespeare's history plays, although no one thus far has taken the trouble to present the evidence in sum. They are facts well worth stating, too, what with Catholic critics these days like the Countess de Chambrun, doing their best to revise Shakespeare into a Catholic (and hence as a friend of feudalism and medievalism); whereas the plays, if they prove anything at all, show their author to have been a child of the Renaissance (*i.e.*, committed to progress).

It is, therefore, a pity that Mr. Morrow not only writes so wretchedly, but sees fit to ruin his argument by absurd assertions (and often a pathetic unfamiliarity with actual conditions in Shakespeare's day). What can it avail his thesis to try proving that a Catholic couldn't be a great poet because his Church discouraged interest in this world, thus robbing him of the source of figures of speech? Were there no great Catholic poets in Europe before Shakespeare? And, moreover, is it really an explanation of Shakespeare's greatness that "only toward the end of Shakespeare's lifetime did the new king, James Stuart, . . . throw over the tradition of Elizabeth and the Tudors and begin that long Stuart hostility to the merchants"? By that token, the poet born ten years later would have been a little man! And a Catholic?

The material is available, and the subject important. But Mr. Morrow, however well-intentioned, has only clouded the truth with his inadequacy. TONY CLARK.

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The Theater

Mankind Is Standing Up

AN EVENING in the "second year of the war that is to begin tomorrow night": a detail of soldiers digging a common grave for six corpses.[1] It is the usual procedure; the frazzled gravediggers sputter with bitterness; vary the chore by smashing a rat—"fine pedigreed animal fed only on the choicest young men of the United States"; proffer it to the Sergeant as a token of their regard; wait for the chaplains to perform the last rites. But while priest and rabbi dribble prayers the corpses rise, one by one. The soldiers sigh in terror till suddenly the dead men speak. Their words have a terrible tenderness:

> Don't bury us . . . don't go away. . . . Stay with us. We want to hear the sound of men talking. Don't be afraid of us. We're not really different from you. Are you afraid of six dead men, you who've lived with the dead? . . . Are we different from you? An ounce or so of lead in our hearts, and none in yours. A small difference between us. Tomorrow or the next day the lead will be yours, too. Talk as equals. . . .

When the General learns that six corpses are standing in their graves refusing to be buried, he reacts with usual obtuseness. But his informant was *not* tipsy; the army doctor cannot report cases of coma. Indeed the six have been dead forty-eight hours. Frantic attempts to seal up the news fail. A New York editor has to forbid his reporter to spring "the biggest story of all time . . . Lloyds are giving 3-to-1 they won't go down."

It is an emergency requiring the best army brains. But despite the lovely arguments of three assorted Generals, the corpses are unmoved. When the Captain comes to defeat them with philosophy, they answer simply:

> They sold us for 25 yards of bloody mud. A life for four yards of bloody mud. Gold is cheaper, and rare jewels, pearls and rubies . . . a man can die happy and be contentedly buried only when he dies for himself or for a cause that is his own. . . . We have been dispossessed by force, but we are reclaiming our home. It is time that mankind claimed its home—this earth—its home.

The war-makers have one last hope. "Get out their women . . . Women are always conservative. It's a conservative notion . . . allowing yourself to be buried when you're dead." But nobody can predict the outcome of conversations with the dead. As the six women approach their men, six various lives gradually unfold in the soft, burning talk of the dead to the wife, mother, sweetheart, sister. The purpose of this return to earth, the pain, bitterness, hope, the unsatisfied hunger, beat valiantly and desperately through the cry of the one who was first to stand up:

> I got heaven in my two hands to give men. . . . They only know what they want—I know how they can get it. . . . I'm going to the living now.

And the last of the women calls with the dead: "Tell 'em all to stand up! . . . There's plenty for live men to stand up for."

The thought spreads everywhere, the vision breaks through the confusion of a world repeating: "You can't bury soldiers any more." "Mankind is standing up and climbing out of its grave." When the Church finally commands them to lie down in the name of God, the dead quietly walk from the grave in the direction of men. "The dead have arisen. Now let the living rise, singing!"

During the two performances (March 14, 15) of this play, *Bury the Dead*, the audiences listened breathlessly through every scene, for every word. At the final curtain the house seemed to shake with the cheering. And it was deserved. The actors of the *Let Freedom Ring* company had given robust performances, under the sensitive, sturdy direction of Worthington Minor and Walter Hart. The author, Irwin Shaw, had contributed to the anti-war movement its most moving one-act drama. But this was something more than precise embodiment of a protest. *Bury the Dead* provided two satisfactions for which people have been hungering: poetry and passion.

Shaw does not write razor-keen lines, nor does he build up blocks of action that pound like a trip-hammer on the tranquillity of the listener. Some of the power flows from the interaction of separate speeches with the accumulating emotion. In the opening, for example, the individual lines of the grave-diggers, loaded with irony, suddenly charge with new intensities as segments of action add to the whole. But the basic power of the play grows out of its essential strangeness—a true, alluring strangeness through which emerges a mood of hope and terror. From the everyday world of literal fact the play rises to a new plane from where the common events of existence are illuminated in terms of the logic governing that plane. Which is to say, *Bury the Dead* is all one figure of speech. Now, the use of such a composite poetic image is justified only if it enables the writer to define more precisely and to intensify, to illuminate. Released from the limitations of literalness, *Bury the Dead* concentrates its emotional overtones, enlarges the range of the thought (by quickening the brains of dead soldiers and reconstructing their lives) and projects into a coming time action which is strangely logical and immediate.

It is not simply a matter of making dead soldiers rise. Hans Chlumberg used the same device in *Miracle at Verdun* (produced 1931, Theater Guild). When the French and German soldiers march out of a mass grave, Europe's governments are panicky: what if the thirteen million war dead return? Impossible! Calamity! Problem! They hold an international conference based on the slogan "Down with the Resurrected." But the soldiers returning to the world after eighteen years see chiefly one thing: madness of war preparation, the same flamboyant, poisonous, social stupidity everywhere; they return to their grave of their own will. It is a play drenched in bitterness, glistening with contempt for the living. While fiercely anti-war, its strength is withered by its hopelessness. The lines crinkle under the heat of cynicism, for there is insufficient human faith to impel affirmation. The lines of *Bury the Dead*, however, ring with an inevitability of triumph. "The dead have arisen. Now let the living rise, singing." Shaw remakes the Chlumberg device of despair into a passionate song of hope.

This work by a 24-year-old writer comes at a time when writing on the whole seems lacking in freedom and fire. All sorts of hot energies are wasted in an open season of attacks on criticism, leaving cooler, blander stuff for creative works. Obviously this is no explanation, but merely the report of a fact—and possibly a fact of negligible importance since nobody can take seriously a graph of literary productivity for a given calendar-interval. And yet, even taking a longer view, it is impossible not to notice an absence of literary passion beside the warmth, expansiveness, sentiment and histrionics which exist in abundance. "Men do not fight, nor die in cold blood for a cause; they fight because they are filled with faith and wonder," Michael Gold commented in 1933. A great deal has been accomplished since then; yet the statement would be equally relevant today; it could still explain, among other things, why a passionate one-act play like *Bury the Dead* has become a major event in the development of Left drama.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

[1] *Bury the Dead*, by Irwin Shaw. Complete text in April issue of New Theatre Magazine, 15c; in book form, published by Random House, $1.00. A regular production is announced beginning April 18 at the Ethel Barrymore Theater.

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SALVATION ANN — *Philip Reisman*

Philip Reisman's Paintings

THE deep-bosomed society lady with the thunderous voice who holds conversations with pictures at art shows, announcing that this "says something to me," and that "says nothing to me," was absent at the opening of Philip Reisman's show. (Guild Art Gallery, 37 W. 57th St., N. Y., on till April 25.) Her critical method would have been applicable here, however, for these pictures say something clearly and directly. They speak of the workers and for the workers; and if the fish handlers' union, the food workers' union, the laundry workers' union, the drug clerks' union show some really good sense they'll try to get hold of Reisman's fish market scenes, the hotel-basement-kitchen picture, the laundry chute and the drug store panorama, and let them speak to the workers in the union halls.

These pictures tell stories, though I say so with fear and trembling, knowing how you can sometimes bring a painter to the verge of suicide by the incautious suggestion that his work "illustrates" something, or has a subject matter that a good novelist would also be likely to make use of. In Reisman's pictures you don't think of the subject first; it is derived from the painting rather than the other way round. The elaboration of detail is as intimately observed and as carefully done as that of our aforesaid good novelist.

What I found most remarkable in Reisman's paintings is his warm feeling for the workers whom he paints. Expert matters of craftsmanship I leave to more erudite critics, assuming that, like the prose of Dostoievsky, since the technique doesn't get in the way, it must be good technique. Reisman's workers seem more actual to me than those of almost any other painter I've seen. Here the worker is not presented as the horse's human cousin, nor as a symbol with mechanical limbs and a face like an automobile dashboard; he is portrayed in his own setting, in his own clothes, his own face, all showing the actual conditions and ravages of his life.

Even in Reisman's relatively few pictures where symbolism enters, the human figure retains its humanity and the allegory is a setting. In the hymn-howling "Salvation Ann," what holds the attention is the anguished look of the deluded face, not the cross forming from her breath on the frosty air. There is no outright symbolism in the show-window picture but it is one of those scenes as packed with meaning as any allegory. Here are two workers pottering around the undressed and partly dismembered papier-maché mannikin; and in their laborious attitudes you suddenly feel the human fact of the sweating and indignity of the labor that goes into the construction of capitalist daintiness and beauty. It is decisive irony.

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ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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(Winken, Blinken and Nod)

ROBERT FORSYTHE

WHATEVER else may be said for a Presidential election year, it invariably succeeds in reviving a lot of old gaffers who have been lingering in the shadows. The first reaction at seeing the old gentlemen bouncing about again in the world is comparable to the merriment which follows the fox-trotting appearance of an octogenarian at a New Year's Eve party, but pity comes soon behind. There is something proper and dignified about Mr. H. L. Mencken in his Baltimore exile hovering over his eternal word game with true German pedantry, but when he forsakes his American language passion for the public arena, he resembles nothing so much as an old fire horse who jumps the fence of the pasture upon hearing the sudden ringing of a bell. The conditioned reflex which accounts for the leap is not, however, sufficient to keep him going. Fifty yards of freedom and he realizes that he is even more spavined than he imagined.

Naturally we expect a statement from Mr. Elihu Root along about July of an election year, but when Mr. Ernest Boyd rears himself aloft and breaks into print with his third article in fifteen years, it is a sad augury. What it means of course is that either the Republic is in danger or that Mr. Boyd's meal ticket has run out. The point is of some importance in determining the state of mind of our better people. As one who has been known to come for a week-end and stay six years, Mr. Boyd is in a position to know how things are working out. If, at his age and with his reputation for leisure, he comes forth with all the rage of a cop hit by a spitball, it is a sign that all is not well with the nation.

As an artist with an antique reputation for erudition, Mr. Boyd has always picked his spots. That he should have an article in the first issue of The American Mercury was entirely proper. That he should return to the wars with an article for the first issue of The American Spectator was equally fitting, but that he should turn up in the dreary wastes of Scribner's Magazine with an article which might as well have been written by James Truslow Adams is cause for alarm. His subsequent appearance in an extraordinarily dull number of The Atlantic Monthly can only be regarded as symptomatic of something dreadful. One can only view with sympathy the spectacle of an aged gentleman with his beard standing forward aggressively and on his face the annoyed and sudden alertness of a hound suddenly separated from his bone. Something is wrong with Mr. Boyd and it is not a pretty sight to see him, at his time of life, compelled to go to work again. More than that, he is obviously not a pleasant visitor for any editor in his right mind because, assisted by his friends, Mencken and Nathan, he has generated an amazing capacity for ruining magazines. His share in the foundering of The American Mercury (hobbling along now under new management) was perhaps slight, but he is said to have done a superb job on The American Spectator.

However, I must be fair about it. The fate of The Spectator under the Nathan-Boyd management is a matter of dispute. According to the statement issued by George Jean Nathan upon its decease (also now under new management), it was at the top of its success when it died. It was making money so fast, according to M. Nathan, that the editors were weary of counting it and hence anxious to be rid of the burden. In the case of M. Nathan this form of reasoning seemed to have its limitations, for it was difficult to understand a brain which would object to taking a fortune from his own magazine and prefer to get it from Vanity Fair (which died under him, as is the custom), from Life and from a weekly syndicated page for King Features (Hearst).

The ancient gods are never grateful for pity and I state the facts only for the record. If I feel sorry for men who were once important in the Republic, it is with no intention of reproaching them. Age and flabbiness of mind have not yet become crimes. If the three old gentlemen spring forth now like the false twilight of a summer night, hoping that somebody will accept them as the bright sun of high noon, I am not one to laugh. From the very first they have had a difficult time and their end is hardly less tragic. Mr. Mencken progressed from The Smart Set to The American Mercury to Liberty. Mr. Nathan progressed from Smart Set to American Mercury to Judge to Vanity Fair to the Saturday magazine section of The New York Evening Journal. Mr. Boyd has progressed scarcely at all because of a constitutional aversion to progress. If he comes forward now to denounce the masses for their presumption in questioning their betters, it is because he knows to a nicety how far a court buffoon may go in his audacity. His intentions are undoubtedly of the best.

The case of George Jean Nathan touches me most deeply of all because the fates have never been kind to him. As the rear-end of the Mencken-Nathan combination, he suffered always from the realization that the fame was going to Mencken. Mencken could be rambunctious and vulgar with success. When Nathan tried it, he merely seemed shrill and second-rate. In many ways he was more brilliant than Mencken, but he never

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got credit for it. Through everything ran a cheap streak which gave his most profound thoughts a smart-alecky quality and destroyed their effectiveness. From old Jim Huneker he had acquired enthusiasm for the artists of the Continent and his influence on the American stage was considerable, but even when his brethren were being influenced by him, they were despising him. He possessed a sophomoric quality of ostentation which has never left him. If there was necessity of mentioning one Montenegran playwright, he mentioned five hundred Montenegran playwrights and dropped the inference that anybody who didn't know the complete works of Peter Karageorgeovitch of Citenje had no right whatever to be seen inside a theater. Whether he would have had another fate without the domination of Mencken is hard to tell. By the time his association with Mencken was ended, they both were going so rapidly down the skids that the chief problem was in keeping their names before the public. From being the idols of other American sophomores, Mencken found himself reduced to appearance in Liberty and in the back pages of The New Yorker (doing his little pieces on words), and Nathan was writing in the Hearst press with all the reserve of a street walker who has been insulted by a sailor. In truth it was his customary style—a form of guttery personal insult combined with excellent writing and a mind possessing more agility than depth—but seen in The New York Journal, it seemed far too much at home for the comfort of George Jean Nathan himself.

The infirm of mind we have with us always and it would require an individual of far more cruelty than myself to protest the last utterances of men once revered. Faced with a future in which they will be regarded passingly in footnotes with Percival Pollard, John Kendrick Bangs and Hamilton Wright Mabie, they can surely be excused for wishing to outfoot oblivion as long as there is breath left. The dilemma is something to worry about: if they stop now, they are forgotten; if they keep writing in a desperate effort to make people realize their presence, they become ridiculous. Kipling lived beyond the time when death would have been a favor, but they haven't even that consolation. They are defeated whichever way they turn. A little more kindness toward the old gentlemen, my friends. If they become vicious in the face of progressive ideas, you must make proper allowance for the fact that it is never pleasant being run over by the march of history. The anguished cries of the senile have always been a part of life.

Between Ourselves

THE NEW MASSES Prize Title Contest was over on April 15, and the judges—Robert Forsythe, Michael Gold and Gardner Rea—are in the process of choosing the winners. There will be fifty-two prizes in all: first prize, $1,000; second prize, $250; fifty prizes of $5 each. We'll announce the winners as soon as we receive word from the judges.

Ben Gorin will discuss "Periodicals in France, Germany and Italy" at the next meeting of the Friends of The New Masses. *Time*: April 22, 8:30 p.m. *Place*: Studio 717A, Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57th Street, N. Y.

This year's May Day song—"May First," music by Mark Severn and words by Madge Kay—is being taught on Thursday evenings at the Composers Collective American Music Alliance (114 W. 54th Street., N. Y.). The song is on sale at the workers' bookstores.

Joseph Freeman will broadcast over Station WIP at 10:30 p.m., April 24, for the Writers' Union, Philadelphia Local, No. 5, under the sponsorship of the United Workers' Organizations of Philadelphia. He will speak on the coming May Day celebrations.

Four NEW MASSES contributors have collaborated in a volume of *Twenty-four Songs of Protest,* announced for May 1 publication by the American Music Alliance. The songs have been taken from Lawrence Gellert's collection. Elie Siegmeister has written the arrangements for piano and voice, and Langston Hughes the introduction; and there is a drawing by Hugo Gellert.

Lewis Corey has received inquiries about the table in his article, "The Minds of the Middle Class" (THE NEW MASSES, April 7). The title of the table was omitted: "Class divisions in the United States, 1870-1935." The first two columns of figures are as of 1870, the second two as of 1935. The table illustrates statistically the change in American class relations between the two periods.

John L. Spivak will lecture in Pittsburgh, April 21, on his recent experiences in Europe, many of which were recounted in THE NEW MASSES. The title of his talk is "I Saw." The place: Northside Carnegie Music Hall.

Next week we shall publish an article of immediate interest to everybody in any degree interested in American colleges: "A Course in French Fascism," by Alfred Hirsch and Roger Beauchamp. People who subscribe for the "Sequana" series of French books will be particularly interested in some of the revelations in this article.

The Artists Union of Philadelphia tells us that the article, "Artists and Trade Unions" (THE NEW MASSES, April 7) when read aloud at a recent meeting was received with such enthusiasm that a motion was passed to request permission to reprint a thousand copies of the article for free distribution among artists of Philadelphia and vicinity.

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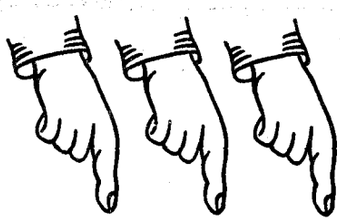

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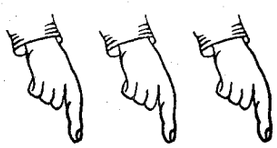

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